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# McKean County Miner.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY

TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

NO. 3

SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903.

OL. XL.

# AMONG THE TEN PIN ROLLERS

## Many Interesting Matches are Being Bowled in Smethport.

## BRADFORD TEAM WAS DEFEATED.

### Smethport Athletic Club Team Won an Easy Victory Glass Cutters Roll Another Game.

On Saturday evening the Commercial Travelers' bowling team of Bradford, captained by John Rickenbrode, and a team of Smethport bowlers, captained by T. H. Purtle, rolled a match on the athletic club alleys in this place. Three games were rolled, Smethport winning each by a safe margin. T. H. Purtle rolled the high single of the night, 197, and Luther Johnson had high total, 476. The totals were, Smethport 2630, Bradford 2345, the home team winning by 285 pins.

A return match will be played on the Central alleys, Bradford, Saturday evening. The individual scores follow:

| Smethport: | 1st | 2d | 3d | Ave |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| T. H. Purtle | 197 | 115 | 150 | [illegible] |
| Johnson | 140 | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Frank Purtle | 147 | 137 | 150 | [illegible] |
| Bell | [illegible] | 158 | 131 | [illegible] |
| Knapp | 146 | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Koeler | 140 | 128 | 131 | [illegible] |
| | 923 | 834 | 873 | |

| Bradford: | 1st | 2d | 3d | Ave. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Singleton | [illegible] | 151 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Mundy | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Pearson | 112 | 136 | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Rickenbrode | 138 | [illegible] | [illegible] | [illegible] |
| Wick | [illegible] | [illegible] | 140 | [illegible] |
| Tanner | [illegible] | 129 | 111 | [illegible] |
| | 774 | 797 | 774 | |

Following is the Bradford Record's account of the contest:

Six well known and ambitious gentlemen of this city journeyed to Smethport Saturday. They returned yesterday. They left the northern oil metropolis with spirits buoyed by the exhilarating anticipations of glorious victory. They returned covered 11 feet deep with snow and defeat—mostly the latter—and with feelings so depressed as by comparison to scold the lowest figure on the thermometer. The gentlemen who are the subjects of this memoir went to the county seat ostensibly to roll tenpins with the natives. It is rumored that they did so, but lost the score on the way home. Therefore it is impossible to publish all the harrowing details, the way the roads are now. The victims represent a variety of talent and occupation. There were Pearson and Wick, expert pen pushers in Dresser's office; Tanner, a traveling pork merchant; Singleton, a dispenser of the creamy lacteal fluid; Mundy, a dealer in lumber, and Rickenbrode, a commercial traveler in good standing. The members of the defeated sextette are of opinion that Smethporters have little else to do than practice at bowling, which accounts for their expertness.

On Tuesday night the North Ends and South Ends met for the second time on the athletic club alleys and this time victory perched upon the banner of the North Ends. The first match was won by the South Ends, consequently a third contest is necessary to decide the bowling supremacy between these teams of cutters at the Smethport glass factory. The first game on Tuesday evening was secured by the North Ends by a majority of 31 pins and the second resulted in a tie at 553. On the roll-off the North Ends negotiated 70 pins against 61 for the South Ends, the former thus winning the game by 9 pins and the match by 40. For the purpose of computing averages the score of the second game is given at the end of the tenth frame in the following table:

| North Ends. | 1st. | 2d | Total | Ave. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Michels | 76 | 107 | 183 | 91½ |
| Grant | 116 | 95 | 211 | 105½ |
| Cheesman | 85 | 75 | 159 | 79½ |
| Malcolm | 152 | 119 | 271 | 135½ |
| Johnson | 169 | 158 | 327 | 163½ |
| | 598 | 553 | 1151 | |

| South Ends. | 1st | 2d | Total | Ave. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| J. Moore | 99 | 94 | 193 | 96½ |
| B. Moore | 155 | 118 | 268 | 134 |
| S. Moore | 109 | 112 | 221 | 110½ |
| McFall | 86 | — | 86 | 86 |
| Irons | — | 120 | 120 | 120 |
| Hay | 118 | 114 | 232 | 116 |
| | 567 | 553 | 1120 | |

A two-man match for $50 a side took place at Olean Tuesday evening. The contestants were M. E. Barton and E. L. Lyons of Bradford and Hugh Cobb and Carl Sutton of Olean. The match was best four out of seven games, but the Oleanders won the match at the end of the fifth game. The averages were Barton 151 4-5, Lyons 154 2-5, Cobb 160 2-5, Sutton 162 2-5. The high score of the match, 191, was made by Mr. Lyons.

Horse blankets and robes. Low prices. Holmes & Gilfillan.

If interested in saving gas read Redfield's ad.

## ANCIENT HISTORY.

### Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Died, in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, the 28th of February, 1865, Abel I. Howard aged 29 years. The subject of the foregoing notice was formerly a resident of Keating township, but moved to Wisconsin some ten years since. In September last he enlisted into the army and while the regiment to which he belonged was encamped at Bermuda Hundred, Va., he contracted the disease which finally terminated in his death. He was a good citizen and an estimable man and was beloved by all who knew him.

Married, in Norwich township on April 9, 1865, by Rev. L. L. Rogers, Mr. Hamilton W. Horner of Norwich to Miss Cassie S. King of Keating.

Also at the same time and place, by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Wallace W. Brewer to Miss Orpha A. Horner both of Norwich township. We expect the grooms in their joy would have forgotten the poor printer, but brides are always thoughtful. We thank them both for the delicious cake they sent us and we can only hope they may never have cause to regret the step they have just taken.

Victory! The Rebellion Busted! Petersburg Captured! Richmond Ours! Lee and his army fleeing to the mountains! Sheridan after them! The great movement for the capture of the rebel strongholds commenced on Thursday of last week. After four days of terrible fighting our forces were in possession of most of the forts commanding Petersburg. On Sunday night April 2, 1865 Petersburg and Richmond were both evacuated and our forces [illegible] possession of the two cities. Grant [illegible] immediately started his army in pursuit of the flying rebels. Sheridan in the van. In the battles around Petersburg our forces captured at least 15,000 prisoners. It is impossible to tell how many have been taken since. President Lincoln is at present in Richmond.

The following correspondence passed between U. S. Grant, Lieut. General commanding the armies of the United States, and Gen. Robt. E. Lee, commanding the Confederate States armies:

April 7, 1865. Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the army of Northern Virginia.

April 7, 1865. Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant:—I have your note of this date. Though not entirely of the opinion you express of the hopelessness of the further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood and therefore before considering your proposition request the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

April 8, 1865. Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia is just received. In reply, I would say that peace being my first desire, there is but one condition I insist upon, viz: That the men surrendered shall be disqualified from taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia will be received.

April 8, 1865. Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant:—I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day in answer to mine of yesterday. I did not intend to propose the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your propositions. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army, but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desire to know whether your proposals would tend to that end. I cannot, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the army of Northern Virginia, but as far as your proposition may affect the Confederate States forces under my command and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at 10 o'clock a. m. to-morrow on the Old Stage road to Richmond between the picket lines of the two armies.

April 9, 1865. Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee:—Your note of yesterday is received. As I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace, the meeting proposed for 10 a. m. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself and the whole North entertain the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Sincerely hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself very respectfully your obedient servant.

April 9, 1865. Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant:—I received your note of this morning on the picket lines whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposition of yesterday, with reference to the surrender of this army. I now request an interview in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday for that purpose.

April 9, 1865. Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee:—Your note of this date is but this morning, 11:50 a. m., received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg road to the Farmville and Lynchburg road. I am at this writing about four miles west of Walter's Church and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road, where you wish this interview to take place.

Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. Gen. Grant to Gen. Lee:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia on the following terms, to-wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate; one copy to be given to an officer designated by me—the other to be retained by such officers as you may designate; the officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged and each company or regiment commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands; the arms, artillery and public property to be parked, stacked and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses and baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865. Gen. Lee to Gen. Grant:—I have received your letter of this date concerning the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the 8th inst., they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

April 9, 1865, 4:30 p. m. Gen. Grant to Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—Gen. Lee surrendered the army of Northern Virginia this afternoon, upon the terms proposed by myself.

April 9, 1865, 9:30 p. m. Hon. E. M. Stanton to Gen. Grant:—Thanks be to Almighty God for the great victory with which He has this day crowned you and the gallant army under your command. Thanks of this Department and of the Government of the people of the United States. Their reverence and honor have been deserved and will be rendered to you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army for all time.

### A Severe Storm.

The heavy snow storm throughout this section Saturday night and Sunday followed by the heavy winds and severe cold weather Monday and Tuesday nearly suspended all kinds of traffic. Trains on all the railroads coming into Smethport were delayed from one to three hours on Monday and Tuesday. The Pennsylvania, P., S. & N. and the Kushequa Route all managed to make their runs, but the B., B. & K. did not move a train on Monday.

On Tuesday, however, they managed to run trains between Bradford and Smethport and yesterday all trains over the B., B. & K. between the latter named places were on time. The part of this road between Ormsby and Kane has been completely blockaded since Sunday but it is understood that they expect to run trains through to Kane to-day.

Monday morning the official thermometer registered one degree below zero and all day it hardly raised a particle, which with a strong wind made the severest of winter days and Tuesday morning it reached three degrees below.

### Burned by Gas Explosion.

Miss Alice Tillman, who is employed at the Commercial House, was painfully burned in a small gas explosion last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Tillman attempted to light a fire in the kitchen stove when the explosion took place, burning her right hand quite severely besides singeing her hair and scorching the right side of her face. She says she lifted a cover off the stove and threw in a match previous to turning on the gas and that there must have been enough gas leaking into the stove to fill it and this was the cause of the explosion. Her injuries are not serious and she is getting along nicely.

### Dr. Burg Chadwick.

Dr. Burg Chadwick has his office over the Palace Pharmacy where he will be pleased to meet all his old patients and friends. Prompt attention given to calls day or night.

### The Editor's Friends.

About the "dearest" friend the editor of a newspaper has is the large corporation that is trying to float a large amount of more or less valuable stock on the ever gullible. These corporations are tireless in their efforts to make the poor, down trodden, editor's life one of continual joy and bliss. They are forever scorching their fingers while attempting to lift us poor mortals from our bed of coals to a bower of roses, and yet how few of us appreciate the self-sacrifices of these good samaritans? Here is one of the many generous offers we receive:

"We expect to give an excursion to the editors of northern Pennsylvania to the grand canyon of the Colorado river and hope we may be able to have you with us. We give free transportation to the editors so they can see our mines at the same time. Now if you can sell 5,000 shares of our stock at 25 cents we give you 10 cents on each share, also the transportation. This is done so the public may know whether we have a mine or not, as you can say on your return what you think of our mines and it will encourage one to sell more stock."

Now step up and buy what stock you want. We do not know what those mines amount to, but we are to get 40 per cent of the gross receipts so it must be a good thing (for us) and when we get back from this delightful trip across the United States we will tell you frankly whether or not your stock is worth any thing. Don't be bashful about taking a good big block of stock for we feel that we can get more than the 5,000 shares if there is demand for them.

### Death of Ex-Gov. Hastings

Ex-Governor Daniel Hartman Hastings died at his home in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday last, after an illness of four weeks of pleuro-pneumonia.

D. H. Hastings was of Scotch Irish parentage and was born in Clinton county Feb. 26, 1849. He received his education at the common schools. He taught school and was assistant editor of the Bellefonte Republican and in the meantime studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1875. In 1877 he became connected with the National Guard of Pennsylvania and during the next ten years held many important offices in this body. In 1887 he accepted the appointment of auditor general of Pennsylvania. General Hastings was elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1894.

He retired from the Governorship in 1899 and has since then devoted himself entirely to business, with the possible exception of last fall, when he warmly supported the candidacy of Judge Pennypacker for the Governorship. General Hastings had large interests in banking and coal mines and these occupied the most of his attention during the last years of his life. He was a man of commanding presence, tall, finely built and a man to inspire men. He was endowed with a rich voice and had all the gifts of an orator. It is thought by many that he appeared at his best as a public speaker, and whether appearing on the lecture platform or the political stump he was forceful, convincing and magnetic. His personality was one that few could resist.

### Sad Death of Charlie Gallagher.

On Tuesday while at Hazelhurst on a visit with his grandmother, Mrs. Nogar, Charles Gallagher with some other children became in possession of some dynamite caps and went into the house to warm. While standing by the stove some one of them threw one or more of the caps into the stove which at once exploded utterly demolishing the stove, a piece striking Charlie in the abdomen inflicting severe gashes. The intestines were cut in six places. He was at once brought to his home at this place and taken to the office of a physician where all was done that was possible, but at 1:30 on Wednesday his death resulted.

Charlie was a bright, intelligent, quick boy, about six years of age, and made his home with his aunt, Mrs. F. L. Campbell, at the Fairview house, and was a general favorite with everyone who knew him.

Five of the other children were injured by the explosion, one a daughter of John Nogar and a cousin of Charlie, was injured in the eye.—Mt. Jewett News.

### Fire Victims Improving.

Mrs. Ellen Connolly and her daughter, Mrs. James Hickey, who were seriously burned in the fire at East Smethport one week ago last Friday morning, in which Sarah, the eleven-year-old daughter of Mrs. Hickey, was burned to death, are improving as fast as could be expected under the circumstances and unless complications should set in both will recover. Both Mrs. Connolly and her daughter will be quite badly scarred, but neither will be crippled as has been reported.

We have noticed that several newspapers in nearby towns have published an article to the effect that Mrs. Connolly was dead, but there were no grounds for this report, as she has never been considered in a dangerous condition.

## PUBLISH THE LAWS

### Let the People Know What Laws They are Living Under.

The Courier has heretofore repeatedly and earnestly advocated the passage of an act of assembly requiring the publication of the session laws in the newspapers of the State. The legislature will soon convene at Harrisburg. It is time to renew the agitation for such a law.

The wisdom and the justice of the proposition do not admit of argument. The legislature will enact a bookful of laws by the time summer comes again. The people will be required to obey these laws under penalties more or less severe and as a matter of common fairness the people should be made acquainted with them in the most public manner, that is to say, through the columns of the newspaper.

The tyrant Caligula, known to history as the most cruel, heartless and unjust of the imperial masters who ruled Rome to her ruin, Blackstone tell us, "wrote his laws in small characters and set them up in high places the more effectually to ensnare the people." Rome was a monarchy of the most absolute type; this is a republic, a free country we boast; yet Caligula with all his cruelty was more just in this matter than the legislature of Pennsylvania, who publishes its laws not at all.

It is true that the state printer issues a volume of the acts of assembly some months after the session is ended but even these books are not for general circulation. The courts and lawyers, who are charged with the duty of punishing people who offend against the law, are about the only people who get copies.

An offense against the law is not always an offense against good morals, and a man's conscience cannot be depended upon to keep him out of the courts. The latter take cognizance of and punish offenses against the statute law, but ignore offenses against the Divine law unless they are covered by the statute. The courts go by the books, the books are denied to the people, and it is held that ignorance is not innocence.

It is hardly necessary to argue the question further. It is too preposterous. The laws ought to be advertised in the public press as they are passed, and they ought not to be effective until they are so published.

The legislature is extremely inconsistent in this matter. It has made laws providing that legislation by city and boro councils shall not be of any force and effect until published and the public thus notified.

At the session of 1900, Governor Stone admitted to the editor of the Courier the justice of a proposed bill requiring such publication, but he refused to approve it because of the desperate condition of the state's finances at that time, saying that he would sanction no legislation that carried with it any additional appropriations. At the succeeding session, the finances were in better shape, but the newspaper publishers were so occupied in defending themselves from a threatened libel law that would have put into the hands of every good and bad man in the state a scalping knife especially whetted for bald editoral heads, and those heads had no time to think of anything else but their own safety.

The coffers of the state treasury are now full to overflowing. The comparatively trifling expenditure required for the publication of the session laws will not be missed. There is no excuse on that score.

The incoming governor is a jurist of integrity and ability, and his keenly developed sense of justice will, we feel sure, guarantee on his part the cordial approval of such a measure as we have suggested.—Connellsville Courier.

### A Good Story on Franklin.

Senator Quay of Pennsylvania has been for years a student of the life of Benjamin Franklin, regarding whom he knows much more than is printed in the books. Senator Quay says that on a certain Sunday morning during the administration of John Adams, Franklin attended church with the President, and, since both statesmen had sat up late the night before, both fell asleep during the progress of the sermon.

The chaplain bore with the slumber of his two chief auditors for some time, but finally rage got the better of him.

"Mr. Franklin! Mr. Franklin!" he called from the pulpit.

Mr. Franklin awoke and looked up, startled.

"Mr. Franklin pardon me for interrupting you," said the chaplain in a grim voice, "I only wished to request you not to snore so loud, lest you awake the President."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

### The Star's New Home

The building in St. James place, formerly occupied by the Johnson Hose Company, will be the future home of the Bradford Star. The property was purchased yesterday. R. P. Habgood, editor and manager of the Star, will leave for New York this evening to arrange for securing an equipment for the new office.—Yesterday's Era.

### The Duty on Anthracl

The Republican leaders in both branches of the National Legislature have wisely decided at once to take action practically removing the present duty on anthracite for six months, either by direct suspension or by providing a drawback, says the Philadelphia Press.

Such action is demanded. It ought to pass without delay. Any public man in either party in either chamber in Washington who opposes it opposes the united judgment, conviction and command of the country, and of both parties. Complete repeal would be widely approved. Down to 1897 anthracite was free, without the clause enacted in the Dingley tariff which imposed a duty on anthracite having less than 92 per cent. of carbon.

But complete repeal raises a broader question than a suspension of the duty for six months or the provision of a rebate. The Democratic party itself has always kept some duty on coals. They were not free under the Wilson tariff. If a Democratic majority were again to make a tariff it would no more remove the duty on coal, than on rice. Both are Southern products.

The best way to secure prompt and summary action on a change in the tariff is by the least contentious path. This is now proposed in the plan on which the Committee of Ways and Means is reported to have decided in the House, and to which Senator Aldrich has given his adhesion and approval in the Senate.

This will pass. Senator Vest's captious attempt to make cheap political capital out of this issue will pass with no one. The day has gone by for that. Like the persistent desire to balk the wise and needed regulation of the trusts by drawing the free trade issue, like a red herring, across the track, Senator Vest's attempt will fail. The prosperity of the past five years under the Dingley tariff has made the tariff question a business issue. No one is tied to schedules. No one will abandon protection. Where events, trade and demand, as now, require a change it will be made. Where none is needed the tariff will remain unchanged and unaltered, and the voters of both parties believe in this.

### To Protect Foreign Girls.

A dispatch from Washington says:

The strong arm of the Federal government is to be extended for the purpose of trying to save young women immigrants arriving at New York from the snares of those who would commit them to a degradation worse than death. The recent disclosures of the infamous white slave traffic in Philadelphia and other cities has caused Commissioner General Sargent to try the experiment of appointing five young women to be stationed at Ellis Island whose duty it shall be to warn the female immigrants against the schemes of the men and women passing as persons who are to procure good positions for them before they arrive at the immigrant station.

These young women will have to undergo a civil service examination, be strong and healthy and have at least a speaking knowledge of the different languages. This action is to be taken at the solicitation of Senator Penrose, who, since the revelations in Philadelphia, has taken a deep interest in the subject.

### The P. H. C. Goes Visiting.

About twenty or twenty-five members of the local P. H. C. drove to Bradford and took the trolley to Derrick City last night to pay a fraternal visit to Foster Brook Circle of that place. The 'bus, behind four horses, and two other rigs conveyed the party.

The cold and hungry visitors were warmly greeted by their brothers and sisters of the Foster Brook valley and were royally entertained and fed until a late hour.

When the party was ready to start for home the 'bus, through some misunderstanding, did not meet them and that load was compelled to pile in with the others and drive into Bradford. Here they made another fruitless search for the 'bus and at 4 o'clock this morning sought rest and shelter at the hotels, arriving home on the 9 o'clock train this morning. The others who drove got home before daylight and the 'bus came trailing in about 8 o'clock.

### The Colonel is Himself Again.

Col. James Doyle, mercantile praiser, is at Smethport. "I have artificial feet," he said yesterday Bradford man, "and two crutch will be able to get along all right if necessary, do a little kick the side. They signed my deat rant last summer, but I reali without feet I should have a p ing in the spirit land. I reall could never climb any Jacob But now I am a walking g comedy and will endeavor artificially, at least, with Bradford Era.

### Lost

A bunch of keys. Finde turn to S. G. Bush at th

Use the Redfield ma

# Little Tony

By Rebecca Ottolengui

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ALONE in a wild part of the woods on the outskirts of Charleston, S. C., a deformed negro boy was playing with a little squirrel. From time to time he would put the little animal on his shoulder and scramble into the bushes, as if in search of something. Soon his woolly head would reappear, and, sitting among the leaves, he would feed the squirrel and himself on berries which he had gathered. Similar occurrences might have been seen at almost any time for several weeks past, day and night being alike to this little creature, who appeared to have no want beyond a life of freedom.

One day while apparently playing gleefully no laugh or word issued from his lips, though the squirrel was full of pranks. After some time the boy jumped to his feet and as noiselessly as an animal scaled the nearest tree and quickly concealed himself in the thick foliage of the topmost branches. This peculiar conduct was soon explained by the appearance of some negroes. The sound of their approaching footsteps had sent the frightened child into hiding. As it was growing late the route through the woods was taken by many returning home from their day's work in the fields, and this knowledge kept the boy safe in his retreat. Soon a party of men and women appeared. Among them was a negro of middle age, armed with a thick stick.

Looking around eagerly, he said: "You lemme ketch um. I'll tan his black hide fur um."

"W'at 'e bin doin', Scipio?"

"Doin'? De little debble! He too lazy ter wuk, an' 'e steal ebery t'ing I put een de room. I'll teach um fur tech w'at doan' b'longs ter um."

"Why you git dat boy anyway, Scip?"

"I dunno. I t'ink Satan sen' um yeah. 'E mudder die jes' w'en 'e need um mos', an' I got ter bodder wid a worf-less brat w'at can't mek a livin'."

"Is you 'e own daddy?"

"Yes, cuss um! 'E bin een my way sence 'e wuz bo'n, an' you lemme ketch um now. I'll finish um."

A woman asked how old the boy was, and Scipio thought he was about fourteen, but was not sure. As they were leaving Scip said:

"I track Tony fur as dese woods, an' I cumin' yeah ebery day till I git um. Den I lick um sing."

When all was once more quiet, the little wanderer crept cautiously from the tree and made a sort of bed of the leaves and branches. When about to lie down, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Kneeling down, he clasped his hands and raised his eyes in prayer: "Please, good Lord, bless me an' doan' let dat man fine me. I so mis'ble I wan' die, like my dear mammy."

He sought his bed and was soon in a sleep of blissful, childish peace.

It was early September, when the chinquapin is ripe and the woods are often scoured by young folks for the little black nuts. While gathering some of these a few days later the boy was startled by voices near him, and he was seen before he could move.

KNEELING DOWN, HE CLASPED HIS HANDS.

A merry group of girls and boys between the ages of fourteen and sixteen stopped when they saw this strange boy, and, noticing his look of fright, some of the youths thoughtlessly made fun of him. The expression of fear on the face of the dwarf changed immediately to one of dignity. He seemed to realize that, though not caught by his brutal father, as he at first feared, he was at the mercy of a crowd of heartless boys. As he was about to walk away a sweet young girl came forward and, turning to her companions, said:

"For shame, boys! God, who made you and me, made this poor child."

The boys evidently realized the justice of the reprimand. One of them approached the negro and asked if he had any nuts to sell.

"Tenkye, suh, but I got ter keep um ter eat. I ane got nuttin' else."

"Why, money will buy something else."

"No, tenkye, suh. I ane got no way ter spen' money."

The girl who had before spoken now sat on the root of a tree to rest while her companions gathered nuts. She was soon conscious of the awkward approach of the dwarf, who placed a large leaf filled with chinquapins at her side.

"Tenkye, missus, fur bein' so kine ter a po' boy."

Alice smiled and motioned to him. With a backward pull or scrape of the right foot and a sort of jerk of his front hair he obeyed.

"What is your name?"

"Tony, ma'am."

"What is the matter with you? Why do you live on nuts and say you have no place to spend money? The city is very near, and you can walk in if you can come out."

The boy hesitated.

"I 'fraid fur tell you de trut', 'cause you mout tell way I is."

Alice hastened to reassure him.

"Oh, missus, you ane know w'at a hard time a po' nigger kin have. My mudder love me, do I is got a humpback, an' she nebber lick me. I ane nebber bin strong nuff ter wuk, an', do I use ter help her w'at I could, tane bin much I could do. After she dead I ane know no time I ane git kicks an' knocks from my daddy, 'cause 'e say I een 'e way an' 'e can't afford to feed a big boy lak me. Sometimes I ane git days widout a crus' er bread, an' one day 'e beat me so an' t'row me ag'in de wall dat I nebber know nuttin'. W'en I wake up, it wuz mos' nite, an' I can stan' no mo', so I git up ter go, an' I fine my ahms an' back so hu't me I kin hardly walk. I was cumin' out de place w'en I see a hunk er bread an' a piece er bacon een de closet do', an', missus, I bin so hongry I tek um an' sneak off. I know I wuz wrong, but I wuz so weak an' hongry I couldn't help it. Den I sneak an' hide an' sneak an' hide till I cum yeah, an' I bin yeah so long now dat I gittin' berry sick. I ane had all dis time a t'ing ter eat 'cep' de nuts an' berries. I begs de good Lord ebery nite ter tek me befo' my daddy cum, 'cause I can't let um kill me, an' I too little an' too weak ter help myself."

The poor little fellow burst into tears. Alice was not ashamed to let her own tears fall freely, and soon a band of sympathizers stood around the unfortunate child. A basket of food intended for a lunch was quickly opened, and Tony made a royal meal. Before leaving Alice said:

"Tony, do you know the city? Well, I live on Rutledge avenue near Spring street, and if you will come to my house I think we may find a job for you."

"Oh, missus, I 'fraid ter go een de town 'less I know fur sure I ane gwine meet my daddy."

"Alice," said one of the larger boys, "let him stay here tonight, and tomorrow I will come out with an officer and bring Tony in under his protection. If that brute shows up, he will be arrested."

This suggestion meeting with approval, the picnickers soon after departed.

After prayers of thanks to God for his deliverance Tony lay down and slept the sweet, untroubled sleep of childish faith in the eagerly expected "tomorrow." In the morning he almost forgot in his joy his past enforced silence and played happily in the woods for some time. The sun was hot, and he soon became tired and hungry. Going to the hollow tree which served as his storehouse, he and the squirrel were soon enjoying the remnants of the good things of the day before. Suddenly he paled, and his heart stopped in fear. He heard stealthy steps behind him and, looking round quickly, was just in time to save himself from an upraised stick in the hands of his enraged father.

Flying up the first tree he saw, Tony failed to notice until too late that it was not strong enough to bear his weight; so, holding on as tightly as he could, he trembled for his safety either way. A storm of wild abuse came from the man, who was in a fury. He violently shook the tree, which almost at once dislodged his victim. No sooner had Tony touched the earth than he was seized by the ruffian, who belabored him, accompanying each blow with the vilest language and most frightful kicks. Scream after scream filled the air until, with one piercing shriek, the sufferer sank into blessed unconsciousness. Rapidly approaching footsteps were heard, and the wretch, hurling the little prostrate form against a tree, took to his heels. He was too late, however. An officer and two young men seized him, and a wild fight for freedom followed. The coward was soon conquered and was with much trouble taken to the station house while the unconscious boy was cared for by persons attracted by the noise.

As soon as Tony was able to attend court the wretch who caused his sufferings was tried and sentenced to a term of years at hard labor in the penitentiary.

Tony soon after became stable boy at the home of Alice Brewster. The little fellow developed a spirit of true courage and a rare degree of gratitude. As if a pall had been lifted from his life, he blossomed out under the care and kindness he received in his new home. His doglike devotion to Alice and his watchfulness over her were indeed beautiful. If she wished to ride, he took the greatest care in grooming her pony.

Tony was about four and one-half feet in height and but for his humped back a well formed boy. His skin was of the clean black best liked by the white families of the south. Now that he knew there was no danger of meeting his father, he took frequent trips to the woods to gather nuts, berries and flowers for his young mistress.

His blind idolatry was so well understood that Alice would often go on long walks or rides at early morning with no guide or protector but this child.

The life of a servant does not comprise much of adventure, but this boy, no matter what he might have developed had his lot been cast in other surroundings, was an honor to any race. Naturally religious, as is the bent of the negro, he was to his young mistress the soul of honor and so deeply grateful that his life was simply dedicated to her.

The next two years passed uneventfully. Tony continued the faithful discharge of his duties and enjoyed the happiness of a peaceful life. Alice's eighteenth birthday was to be celebrated in festivities extending over several days, and the air was full of preparation. Tony was now invaluable, as he brought in from the woods for decoration the beautiful gray moss and the sweetest wild flowers.

A grand oak tree with spreading branches stood in front of the Brewster home. For almost a hundred years it had been there, and it had come to be a landmark to the city. In the branches of this oak Tony and the squirrel had been allowed to play at will, and it was astonishing to observe the agility of the boy as he swung from limb to limb in play with the animal. The gay crowd, gathered to see the fun, filled the air with peals of laughter, and nearly every day witnessed a repetition of this diversion. The evening of the birthday party came and went, and happy, tired heads sought their pillows and were soon wrapped in sleep. Near morning the loud peal of the doorbell which startled the household was answered by Mr. Brewster from a front window. He was horrified to see flames issuing from the windows of the floor below. The policeman on the beat screamed to him to hurry all out before it was too late. The opening of doors and windows created a draft which helped to feed the flames, and it seemed impossible that some lives would not be lost. Cries of "Fire!" screaming servants, questions of frightened guests, volumes of smoke and tongues of flame made a horrible picture.

THE BRANCH GAVE WAY BENEATH TONY'S WEIGHT.

The firemen rescued all the inmates and were congratulating themselves that every one was saved when the agonized face of Alice was seen at an upper window. How she got back they did not know, as she had been brought out among the first, but it was soon understood. In her arms was her pet squirrel. She had gone back, not appreciating the danger to herself, to save this little brute, knowing that he would otherwise perish in his cage.

How could they save her? It seemed impossible. Even the tree in front of the house was now beginning to burn, and there was scarcely a foothold left on the building safe under the weight of a man. As they gazed and tried to decide what to do Alice's cry for help was suddenly answered.

"Keep still, missus! Tony's comin'!"

Before the little deformed creature could be stopped he climbed the burning tree like a veritable child of the woods, and while a breathless crowd watched him he swung himself into the window, his garments honeycombed with burning patches.

"Stan' on de sill, quick! Doan' be skeered."

Alice mechanically obeyed. From the sill Tony caught the largest limb near him, and, swinging out, he clasped one arm around it, holding out his other hand to Alice.

"Swing right ober, quick, missus!"

She again obeyed, and at once the firemen held their net, as they realized the intention of the boy.

"Fo' God's sake, ketch her! Doan' mine me."

With that Tony told Alice to jump, and as she rose to obey he covered his eyes, as if dreading to see what might happen. In his excitement he loosened his hold on the tree, and Alice's jump was almost immediately followed by a groan of horror as the brave boy fell to a lower branch, to which he managed to hang with one hand. Slowly and painfully, for the fall had bruised his arm, Tony dragged himself on to the limb. All seemed safe when a cracking noise sent a thrill of horror through the watchers as the branch gave way beneath Tony's weight. Though the net was held to catch him, he fell outside. The fearful shock rendered him unconscious, and his badly burned body was beyond the aid of a physician. Alice who was heartbroken, was untiring in her devotion, but before another dawn Tony gazed at his young mistress and faintly said:

"You sabe poor Tony once. I tenk God I done sumpin' fur you 'fore I go ter my mammy. Goodby, missus. God bless you."

Little Tony was with his mammy.

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**Jackson's Statue on the Constitution.**

In 1833 Commodore Elliott ordered a figure of General Jackson to be carved to take the place of a billet head which the United States frigate Constitution had carried through the war of 1812. It was placed on the bow of the frigate in June, 1834, when she left the drydock in Charlestown navy yard. The excitement among the political enemies of Jackson in Boston was intense. A meeting was called in Faneuil hall—which, however, did not take place—and anonymous letter writers threatened the life of the commodore unless the statue was removed. On the night of the 2d of July, 1834, in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, Samuel P. Dewey, a young man of twenty-eight, rowed out to the vessel and managed to saw off the head of the statue and carry it away. The head was replaced a month later in New York, and the figure remained there until 1874. It now occupies a place in the grounds of the Naval school at Annapolis.

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Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

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## PARIS PAWNSHOPS.

### Why They Are Poor Places to Get Loans on Stolen Watches.

Of watches alone there are received here and at the twenty-two branch offices from a thousand to twelve hundred a day, about 350,000 in a year, the average loan on a watch being 30 or 40 francs. The official assured me that in this great number of watches scarcely one in a thousand has been stolen, the fact being that people who have come dishonestly by watches or other property fight shy of the mont de piete. The reason of this was presently made plain as we watched the formalities of record, and I realized how difficult it would be for any one to do business here under a concealed identity. Every client receiving a loan greater than 15 francs must produce some official document—an insurance policy, a citizen's voting card, a permit to carry arms or a rent receipt bearing his signature and throwing light upon his station in life. For loans under 15 francs the client is simply required to show an envelope through the mails to his address. All these facts, with various others, are duly inscribed upon large record sheets, so that whoever deals with the mont de piete exposes himself to the scrutiny that must be ungrateful to folks of shady antecedents. Indeed, certain persons make this a grievance against the mont de piete and declare the Paris system an impertinent intrusion upon a client's privacy, which would seem a point badly taken if the client is an honest man.—Cleveland Moffett on Paris Pawnshops in Century.

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**Cards Disclose the Man.**

"I wish I had not played bridge with Mr. X.," said a girl recently. "I thought him so nice before, and now my liking for him has quite gone. He was so keen about trifles, insisted upon every forfeit, questioned the score and seemed so annoyed when he lost, and yet the stakes were very small, and he was only out a few dollars; so, of course, it was not the money. It must have been the disposition of the man coming out under provocation, and the test did not show him up to advantage. Now, Mr. Z., the other man at the table, was so good natured and such a gentleman in his play that I quite like him, although I never thought him attractive before."

All games of competition may be said to assay certain characteristics, but the most crucial test seems to be card playing, and bridge is responsible for many a coolness resulting from self betrayal at the green table.—New York Tribune.

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**The Badger as a Fireman.**

A badger which had made its home among the granite cliffs dealt with the fire god with sagacity and skill, says Nature. A friend, while painting a sea piece, discovered a badger's lair and thought to play the animal a practical joke. Gathering together a bundle of grass and weeds, he placed it inside the mouth of the hole and, igniting it with a match, waited for the ignominious flight of the astonished householder. But Master Badger was a resourceful animal and not disposed to be made a butt of practical jokers. He came up from the depths of his hole as soon as the penetrating smoke told him that there was a fire on the premises and deliberately scratched earth on the burning grass with his strong claws until all danger was past. No human being could have grasped the situation more quickly or displayed greater skill in dealing with an unfamiliar event.

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**The Bud of a Tree.**

Among the curious things discovered by the students of plant life is the fact that a bud taken from one tree and grafted on another carries the age of the original tree with it. It has always been believed that the bud so transferred began a wholly new life; but this new theory—it may, after all, be more theory than fact as yet—shows the matter in an entirely different light.

For example, if a bud be taken from a tree that is twenty-five years old with a natural life of fifty years and grafted on another tree it will not live as long as its parent tree is entitled to live, the full fifty years, but only for the period of life then left to the tree, twenty-five years.

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**Extravagant.**

"There was a young man in Michigan," said a United States senator, "who was deeply enamored of a beautiful young lady in my town. He lived in Detroit and one day decided that the only thing for him to do was to propose. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"'Will you marry me? Twenty word answer paid for.'

"An hour later he received this reply: "'You are extravagant. Why pay for nineteen words too many? No.'"

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**How Unenviable!**

"There goes De Speptic, the great financier. He looks so extraordinarily happy that I'll bet he's cornered some stock that will net him millions."

"My, he's far happier than that! His doctor has just informed him that he can eat the whole of one egg for breakfast tomorrow without hurting his stomach."—Baltimore Herald.

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**Quoting Her Own Words.**

Mother (sternly)—Willie, you took some of these preserves from the pantry.

Willie (shrewdly)—Oh, who told you that?

Mother—No one told me. I suspected it. Now, tell the truth: Didn't you?

Willie—Ma, "children should be seen and not heard."—Philadelphia Press.

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**First Gathering of Labor Agitators.**

"Of course you have read of the confusion of tongues at the building of the tower of Babel?"

"A gathering of labor agitators, I suppose. No; I haven't read it. Tell the truth, I'm not interested in trades unions."—Boston Transcript.

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**Be Ready.**

Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at the bottom to know how to die.

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## SHATTERED DIGNITY.

### An Exit From Church That Had a Flavor of Comic Opera.

The crude humor that makes the small boy want to throw a stone at a silk hat on a man bristling with dignity is not to be disposed of as a mere ill conceived prank of youth. There is deep in most people a spring of unsubduable humor that leaps gleefully when conscious dignity gets a fair tumble. That is why, for all the solemnity of the place, the soberest charity and the best bred propriety in the world could not prevent a titter at a little farce that happened once in a church in Brooklyn.

A gentleman and his wife, who were offended at something the preacher said, gravely rose and stalked toward the door, with their heads held high in assertive disdain. The wife followed the husband.

Unfortunately, when they were half way down the aisle the husband dropped his glove and stooped to pick it up. Fate, the humorist, determined that the wife should keep her head so high that she did not see her husband stoop. She went sailing on and doubled over him in riotous confusion.

The congregation held its breath and kept its composure. The two recovered themselves and went on. Hoping to escape quickly, they turned to what looked like a side door. The husband pulled it open with an impressive swing. Before he could close it out tumbled the window pole, a long duster and a stepladder. The congregation could hold its mirth no longer, and man and wife fled to the real exit in undignified haste amid a general and pervasive snicker.

## SLAVES OF FURNITURE.

### The Result of Women Being Afraid of Beetles and Mice.

If man is the slave of a dog, woman is the slave of furniture. If women only knew how much more graceful—and the only way is to appeal to their vanity—they would be reclining on the floor, they would never sit up on chairs or round a table. That this is fundamentally true is proved by the fact that they are never so happy as at a picnic, where there are no chairs and tables. I really believe that the craze for putting everything on something above the floor—by which I mean tables, sideboards, etc.—grew from the custom of sleeping in ugly, cumbersome and dirt collecting beds instead of on the floor. Of course the reason why women do not sleep on the floor is because they are afraid of beetles and mice and other harmless things. Women, therefore, having invented the bed invented the table to stand by it, and thus spread the habit of putting everything above the level of the floor.

Woman's original sin of being afraid of black beetles and mice costs man more than all the royalty, armies, navies, pension lists, prisons, poverty schooling, national debts and wars of Europe.

I am sure I am not putting it too high when I say that the average cost of furniture per house is $1,000, and if the world would only agree not to cumber its rooms with beds and tables, sideboards, cabinets and chairs our ground rents would be about half what they are, and the overcrowding of our cities would come down proportionately.—"Domestic Blunders of Women."

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**The Conductor's Honest Rakeoff.**

A conductor of a Sixth avenue car, during a lull in the ringing of fares, stood passing coins from one hand to the other, turning up the date of each coin as he did so. "There are more ways of making money than by 'knocking down' fares," he remarked, noting the inquiring look on a passenger's face. "Any greenhorn can pocket a dozen nickels in collecting 120 fares in a car built for forty-eight passengers, but a man has got to know something to spot a coin that has a premium value. It's surprising how many more or less rare coins pass current without falling into the hands of some one who knows their value. This was suggested to me one day, and I took to studying the catalogue of dealers in rare coins and memorizing the dates of those that are worth more than the prices stamped on them. Since then I have picked out of the money I have taken in fares several hundred coins with a premium value ranging from a few cents to $5 and have redeemed them with my own money and sold them to dealers in coins."—New York Times.

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**"Biography of a Snowflake."**

Under this title Mr. Arthur H. Bell in Knowledge describes the life history of the aerial frost flowers of winter. In order to have a fair start in life a snowflake should be built up on a particle of dust. Then, if it has the good fortune to begin its career at the top of a cloud many miles above the earth and to pass through many atmospheric strata, differing in their temperature and the amount of moisture they contain, our snowflake is very likely to become a notable individual among its kind. In a stratum of warmer air the little flake catches moisture on its tiny spicules, and when it enters a colder stratum below the moisture is frozen, and so the flake grows. In a thawing air many flakes sometimes cohere, forming disks from an inch to two or three inches across.

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**Ragged Island.**

Ragged Island, alias Crie Haven, on the coast of Maine, is certainly happy above most islands. It has neither mice nor magistrates, though its inhabitants number nearly fifty. The solitary doctor comes over when wanted from the mainland. There is not the solace of a church, but there is also not the distraction of a lawyer. There are a few cows and horses, but neither dogs nor cats, nor is insect life, if present at all, a nuisance even in the hottest season. The natives catch lobsters and eat all that they cannot sell.

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**Her Little Joke.**

"Henry," she exclaimed as he came home to dinner, "I heard something this morning that opened my eyes."

"What was it?" he demanded excitedly.

"The alarm clock."—Scraps.

Special Sale

All our fall and winter pattern hats, untrimmed hats and winter millinery will be closed out at and below cost.

For rare bargains call and see us.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place to buy a nice, sweet piece of Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for Fruit and Vegetables I am always headquarters.

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Just Received!

The Finest and most complet line of Picture Mouldings ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer
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Leonard Koenig,
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Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
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For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
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LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
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March 1, 1900.

## MODERN PHARMACY.

Pharmacy is a growing science and the druggist to-day who fills prescriptions must be up-to-date as well as his stock. Pure drugs, sciedtific service and reasonable prices are all combined when your prescription is filled here.

## PERFUMES

we have a line that is the finest ever shown in town. Call and try a small bottle.

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SILVERWARE,
NICKEL WARE,
FRENCH & AUSTRIAN CHINA,
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BRIC-A-BRAC,
GLASSWARE,
JAPANESE PIECES.
Useful as well as beautiful.

**J. C. Hamlin.**

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 15, 1903.

### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See change of time card for the B., B. & K. Ry.

—Attend the Farmers' Institute at Farmers Valley Jan. 26 and 27.

—Six hundred guests banqueted on horse flesh last Thursday evening in Berlin.

—Hon. and Mrs. George A. Walker of Emporium celebrated their golden wedding on Monday last.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hopper on Sunday, Jan. 11, a girl. All concerned are doing well.

—The Wellsboro Agitator has entered upon its fiftieth year and, like good wine, it improves with age.

—Mrs. Ruth Stanton, one of the early settlers of Allegany county, died at Inavale last week, aged 99 years.

—Kane is still worried over the mad dog scare. One or two more dogs have shown symptoms of rabies and were promptly killed.

—James McCann of Sayre, Pa., a brother of E. F. McCann of Austin, well known in this county, was instantly killed by the cars one day last week.

—Just as we go to press we are informed that John Rogers, who was bitten by a mad dog about a year ago and whom the commissioners took to New York, has hydrophobia.—Eldred Eagle.

—Paul Woodward, the 17-year-old degenerate, who killed two small boys last October, was hanged at Camden, N. J., on Wednesday of last week. Young Woodward showed remarkable nerve for one of his age while on the gallows.

—Mr. Kirk's facial expression in his character sketches is such as to make the front seats the most desirable and they will be reserved at the Methodist church Thursday evening, Jan. 22d. Tickets at the stores of Fry & Herzog and F. G. Lindholm & Co.

—A special from Punxsutawney to the DuBois Courier says that the entire town of Eleanora, Jefferson county, which contains two thousand inhabitants, is quarantined. There are almost half a hundred cases of small-pox there and eighteen of them developed in two days.

—Chief of Police Murray left last night for the Huntingdon, Pa., reform school with Roy Carter, aged 17 years, of Smethport, who was recently arrested in Bradford for being drunk and carrying concealed weapons. Carter had been released from the institution on parole and his breach of faith resulted in his recommitment.—Friday's Bradford Era.

—A prominent evangelist says: "If you catch a calf and take it away from its mother she will follow after to see where it is going; but many persons do not seem the least concerned whether they know or not what the devil and others are doing with their children."

By the following from the Port Allegany Reporter we judge that marriage is not always a success even in that rustic village: A disobedient hubby and an excited woman with a horsewhip was a Mill street scene Wednesday evening. If the correction of such cases of connubial infelicity were attempted with a horsewhip every time they occurred in this town, the whip market would be greatly augmented.

—The condition of Mrs. John Snapp (who has been suffering with small-pox) continues to improve slowly, and no other member of the family has contracted the disease thus far. So we may consider that it has reached its limit, and will cause no more trouble, for which we have to thank our physicians and officials, whose prompt and energetic action precluded an epidemic.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—"E" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is never in cash, always in debt and never out of danger, yet the aforesaid letter is never in war, but always in peace; it is the beginning of existence; the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no bread, no water, no meat, no life, no gospel, no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no home, no heaven or hell.—Ex.

—A dispatch dated Jersey City, Jan. 8, says: F. J. Bodine of Newark and Mrs. Augusta Anderson of Brooklyn were married by Mayor Fagan this afternoon. The bride is 6 feet, 5 inches tall and the bridegroom is two inches shorter. As children they played together, but drifted apart and the girl got married. A short time ago, however, Bodine heard that Mrs. Anderson was a widow, so he lost no time in hunting her up and to-day's marriage occurred.

### Why Suffer With Your Kidneys?

The discovery of Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Kidney Tablets has proved a blessing to thousands of kidney sufferers who have been restored to perfect health. Those tablets drive the kidney disease germs out of the blood and prevent accumulation of uric acid in the system. We urge all sufferers to give this successful and scientific kidney remedy a trial. They come in two sizes, 25 and 50 cents. Come and get a trial treatment free at J. W. Voorhees.

### Cure Your Catarrh Now,

V. Van Dorn, 2011 Avenue B, Birmingham, Ala., writes: "I have had catarrh in one of the worst forms for 20 years, and after using Dr. Geo. Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Inhaler for two days feel entirely relieved and believe by its continued use I will get cured." Sold at 50 cents on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

### Sunday In the Olden Time.

The mother in her best black gown and with her foot stove if the weather was cold; the father, freshly shaved, in his high black stock and equally uncomfortable tall black hat, and such of the sisters as were at home filled the two broad seats of our wagon, with perhaps one of us youngsters wedged in, though we preferred to walk in good weather. Then the vehicle moved out of the front gate and joined the procession of carriages going in the same direction, impelled by the same pious duty. With the foot stove or without it went luncheons for the noonday hour, for the religious exercises were an all day affair, with forenoon and afternoon services, and the Bible class and Sunday school in the interval which the minister took for rest between his sermons. It was not supposed that his hearers needed rest. There were sheds for the vehicles, and the man who was kind to his beasts usually put into his wagon with the family sandwiches a small bag of grain for his team. The services began at half past 10 and were over at half past 3 unless the afternoon sermon was "lengthy," as it was very apt to be.—J. T. Trowbridge in Atlantic.

### The Character Scared Him.

David Garrick had a brother in the country who was an idolatrous admirer of his genius. A friend of his, a grocer, being about to visit London, this brother insisted on his taking a letter of introduction to the actor. Not being able to make up his mind to visit the great man the first day, the grocer went to the play in the evening and saw Garrick in "Abel Drugger." On his return to the country the brother eagerly inquired respecting the visit he had been so anxious to bring about. "Why, Mr. Garrick," said the good man, "I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but there's your letter. I did not choose to deliver it. I happened to see him when he did not know me, and I saw that he was such a dirty, low lived fellow that I did not like to have anything to do with him."

### Intellect and Hair.

"From the color of a man's hair may be learned a good deal in regard to his intellectual ability," says a professor of the University of Lille who has for some months been closely studying the subject. Schoolboys with chestnut hair, he maintains, are likely to be more clever than any other and will generally be found at the head of the class, and in like manner girls with fair hair are likely to be far more studious and bright than girls with dark hair. In mathematics and recitation these boys and girls, he claims, specially excel. On the other hand, he says that boys and girls with brown hair are most likely to attain distinction through their individuality and style and that those with red or auburn hair do not often excel in any respect.

### Curiosities About Observatories.

The first recorded observatory was on the top of the temple of Belus. The tomb of Osymandias in Egypt was the second. This last contained a golden astronomical circle 200 feet in diameter. Another at Benares, India, is believed to be almost as ancient as either of the other two. The first in Europe was erected at Cassell in 1561. That of Tycho Brahe at Uraniburg was built in 1576. The Paris observatory dates from 1667, and that of Greenwich is two years older. The one at Nuremberg was erected in 1678 and that at Berlin in 1711. The famous Bologna tower was built in 1714. The Stockholm, Utrecht, Copenhagen and Lisbon observatories were built in 1740, 1650, 1656 and 1728 respectively.

### Kettle Bridges.

Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles and fastened by means of ropes to form a raft. A sufficient number of these rafts, each of which will bear the weight of half a ton, are fastened together, and in the space of half an hour a bridge is formed on which an army may cross in confidence and safety.

### Mackay's Sarcastic Wit.

Once when the press in the Carson City Appeal had just started to run, John Mackay rushed into the editorial sanctum and called to Sam Davis in an excited tone of voice: "Sam, stop the press! Stop the press!" "What's the matter, John?" Davis asked in alarm. "Why, old man Crooks" (famous for his stinginess)—"old man Crooks has just presented a peck of apples to the orphans' home, and he'll be broken hearted if you don't have a column and a half about it in the paper this afternoon."

### Not One.

"Just one," said the lover as he stood upon the stoop with his girl; "just one."

"Just 1," said the mother, putting her head out of the bedroom window above. "Well, I guess it ain't so late as that, but it's pretty near 12, and you'd better be going or her father will be down."

And the lover took his leave with a sad pain at his heart.

### Not Ready.

An editor, replying to certain rumors as to his financial condition, says:

"The statement that we are about to fail is without foundation. We haven't money enough for that—not yet!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Suspicion.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

### The Money-Back Cough Syrup.

Means a lot to people who are tired of experimenting with the "ordinary" cough preparations—you are not out a cent if Dr. George Leininger's For-mal-de-hyde Cough Cure does not please you. It will cure consumption and all serious and stubborn lung and throat diseases. Sold at 25c on a guarantee by J. W. Voorhees.

### Swelling Her Income.

A good story is told of a man who one day told his wife that he would give her all the silver pieces she found in his purse or pockets which were coined the year she was born.

As a result the lady in due course of time had quite an amount of silver on hand—so much, in fact, that she went to the bank and deposited it in her name.

Then, speaking to the cashier, the lady said: "My husband tells me you are going to pay him some money today. Will you please pay him in this silver I have just deposited? I should be so much obliged to you if you would."

Of course the cashier quickly replied that he would be happy to please her.

As a result the lady has still more birthday money.—London Answers.

### Recognized the Smell.

The sexton of an Episcopal church in Boston has many stories to tell of the remarks and comments made by visitors.

One Christmas when the church was beautifully decorated with cedars and firs an old lady walked up the aisle to the chancel and stood sniffing the air after every one else had left the church.

"Don't it smell solemn?" she said at last to the sexton as she turned away with evident reluctance. "I don't know as I ever realized just what the 'odor of sanctity' meant before to-day. We don't have any such trimmings in the church I attend up in the country."—Youth's Companion.

## "Don't Know How I Got Such a Cold"

Most of us have heard this expression many times.

Did you ever notice that the Don't know how I got it cold is a bad one to get over? That before you are through with the hoarseness, the cough, the "tight feeling," the general discomfort, and the out of sorts sensations, you are apt to have another such cold, and so on until it hangs on for weeks?

These colds mean that your system is out of gear. They usually precede serious diseases like consumption, bronchitis. They are dangerous.

We have found a remedy for all sorts of colds, coughs, that is not a so-called cough-cure. It does not stupefy with opium, nor fill the system with vicious drugs.

It is Vinol. We are perfectly willing to tell any inquirers at our store what it is made of and how we came to take hold of it.

It certainly does the work. Old coughs go off like magic. It even relieves people far gone in consumption. People right in town have proved it. We sell it subject to guarantee — money back if it doesn't help you. Isn't it foolish to put the matter off?

**J. W. VOORHEES,**
DRUGGIST.

THE FAMOUS.
Central Block, CLOTHING STORE. Smethport, Pa.

**Prices Greatly Reduced**

on Men's and Boys'

**SUITS and OVERCOATS.**

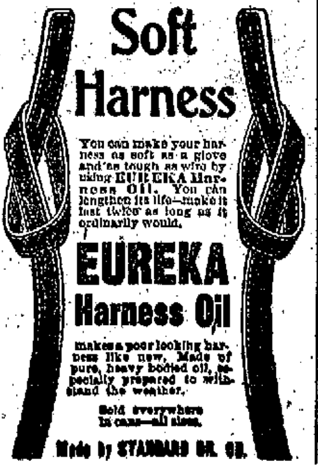
Could not have done this earlier, because there were no broken lots. There are a few now—not many of a kind, but a good many kinds we want to close out.

**Men of Smethport,**

if you want a good Suit or Overcoat that outclass any ever offered at like figures, it is **to your interest** to come here, where you get

Your Money's Worth or
Your Money Back.

**Wm. Monheimer.**



Soft Harness

You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

EUREKA Harness Oil

makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.

Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.

Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

# WE WANT YOUR TRADE.

To get it we are willing to do anything that is right. We have purchased the stock of

GROCERIES and
GENERAL MERCHANDISE

of O. D. Bush and are determined to run an up-to-date store.

We have put a delivery wagon on the road and we will call at your house, take your order and deliver goods promptly.

Give us a trial order and if everything is not perfectly satisfactory tell us about it.

**VOORHEES & McCARTY,**
Bush Building. EAST SMETHPORT, PA.

## Make Your Selection From These Brands:

| WHISKIES | WINES |
|---|---|
| Hunter Wilson Guckenheimer | White Seal White Top |
| Tom Moore Seymour-Club | Great Western |
| Meadville Rye | Imported Sherry Imported Port |
| Rose Club Private Stock | Tokay Catawba Rhine |
| Gibson and 15 others. | St. Julian and many others. |

Cognac Brandies, Holland Gin, Tom Gin, Jamaica Rum, and nearly every popular brand of wine or liquor to be found in the country at very reasonable prices. Call and look over my stock.

**A. J. Warshofsky,**
Reilly Block. SMETHPORT, PA.

## New Store, New Goods, New Prices, New Proprietors.

We are now prepared to do business in an up-to-date way.

Goods promptly delivered in any part of the borough, or at any reasonable distance in the country. Farm produce taken in exchange for groceries at market price.

All goods and prices guaranteed. We do not propose to be undersold. Yours to please,

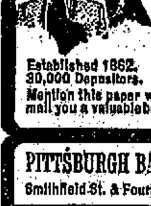
**Hagberg & Sherburne,**
Holder Block, SMETHPORT, PA.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE
You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS
An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**



WOMEN

are of a thrifty disposition. Several thousand women have accounts here—our most welcome depositors. A saving account is a reserve fund for hard times, sickness or old age. You can start with a dollar and bank by mail.

Established 1862. 30,000 Depositors. $12,000,000 Deposits. 4 per cent. Interest.

Mention this paper when writing, and we'll mail you a valuable booklet on Money Saving.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
Smithfield St. & Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE CLARION
State Normal School

Provides Special Training for Teachers.
Prepares Young People for College.
Offers Excellent Facilities for General Education.

FREE TUITION.

Living Expenses Very Low.

Winter term begins Tuesday, Dec. 30.

For further particulars call on or address

DR. SAMUEL WEIR, Principal
Clarion, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Gaskin & Grant.
NEWS STAND.
Cigars, Tobacco,
Nuts & Candies
Fruits and Vegetables
in season.
We have in stock an elegant line of Stationery. Call and see it.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS: $1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 15, 1903.

THE Pennsylvania legislature has adjourned until Jan. 19.

THE Smethport Democrat says it is not vindictive. This is certainly a very gratifying bit of information.—Bradford Era.

THE builder of the battleship Oregon is a candidate for a California Senatorial seat. He may at least count on a good run.

GERMANY doesn't like the Monroe doctrine—but the Monroe doctrine wasn't conceived and formulated with a view to pleasing Germany.—Boston Globe.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad company acts wisely in paying all employes who served in the National Guard on strike in the hard coal regions last fall the wages they should have made had they been at home and worked full time. Buffalo Commercial.

THE coal famine throughout the United States is becoming a very serious matter. President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America has issued an appeal to the miners under him to make an extra effort to increase the production of coal.

HENRY PHIPPS, the multi-millionaire, who fought his way to fortune alongside Andrew Carnegie, will spend more than $1,000,000 in Philadelphia, the city of his birth, to found and endow a great institute for the study, treatment and prevention of consumption.

SENATOR GRADY of Philadelphia has introduced a bill in the Senate for the erection of a statue of Simon Cameron in the capitol grounds at Harrisburg and making an appropriation of $25,000 therefor. General Cameron rendered great services to this state and the bill should be speedily passed.

THERE is grave danger of a world-wide epidemic of small-pox, according to Dr. C. O. Probst, secretary of the Ohio State Board of Health. Dr. Probst points to the fact that all over the earth both in America and Europe the disease is spreading rapidly. He attributes the prevalence of the disease to a disregard of vaccination.

CARELESSNESS of the man in charge of a freight train in not getting his last car off the main track is given as the cause of a collision on the Pennsylvania railroad at Cochrane Station, Pa., last week, which resulted in the death of seven persons and the injury of six others. What excuse can be given for such negligence?

THE Venezuelan trouble is not after all an unmixed evil. It has served to illustrate that in Europe as in America President Roosevelt's wisdom and impartiality are estimated at their true value, and it has proved that the objects of the Hague tribunal are not so visionary as, of late, they have looked, all of which is encouraging.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

IF Congress had acted on the President's recommendation for free coal promptly after the opening of the session, it is likely that much of the present fuel famine could have been avoided. But, at least, Congress seems to have been stirred to activity now, and it is understood the programme has been accepted to make both anthracite and bituminous free, with reciprocity provisos.

### Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1903.

The impression is daily gaining ground that there will be anti-trust legislation at this session of Congress. All idea of a sweeping anti-trust bill has, however, been practically abandoned and the program now contemplated consists of enacting several brief bills amending the present statutes and making some slight additions to the present laws. Attorney General Knox has sent to the House, where they were introduced by Representative Jenkins, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, two measures along this line and the Judiciary committee has already voted to favorably report one bill which carries into effect one of Mr. Knox's recommendations. It provides a method for facilitating court procedure in anti-trust suits brought by the Federal Government.

One of the Knox bills amends the Sherman law by forbidding the giving or receiving of rebates in transportation a fine of $5,000 being provided. It also provides that any corporation receiving such rebate shall be debarred from having its products transported and forbids the transportation of such products if the corporation discriminates in prices to destroy competition.

The other bill provides for the appointment of a bi-partisan commission to carry out the provisions of the Sherman act when amended as proposed. The Commission is to have powers similar but much stronger than those now possessed by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

That the Knox bills will be enacted precisely as offered is not likely. But that their provisions will be carried out in such measure or measures as may be eventually reported by the Judiciary committee is practically assured. There is some soreness on the part of the sub-committee appointed by the Judiciary committee to draft an anti-trust measure because the Attorney General ignored its chairman, Mr. Littlefield, and sent his bills direct to Mr. Jenkins, chairman of the whole committee, after refusing to furnish the sub-committee an administration anti-trust measure. It is not believed, however, that the present misunderstanding will prove inimical to the cause of anti-trust legislation.

The complete capitulation of the beet sugar men in their fight on the Cuban treaty is regarded as a triumph for the administration which has thus succeeded in negotiating a treaty which fulfills every obligation to Cuba, insures a monopoly of the Cuban trade to the United States and evidently will work no serious injury to any industry in this country. A Representative of the beet sugar producers appeared before the Senate committee on Foreign Relations and urged that the treaty be so amended as to insure no reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar greater than 20 per cent. below the Dingley rates; the treaty providing for a 20 per cent. differential in favor of Cuba. While there is little likelihood of the Senate's amending the treaty, a procedure attended with considerable danger to the convention, it is not believed that any reciprocity treaty which lowers the duty on sugar from nations other than Cuba will be ratified within five years, the period of immunity from such reduction for which the beet sugar men ask.

At the convention of the American Beet Sugar Association there arose a difference of opinion in regard to the Cuban treaty but a majority of the delegates voted favorably only the Michigan delegation dissenting. It withdrew from the convention. Senator Burrows later in the evening told your correspondent that the action of the convention might be interpreted as a withdrawal of all opposition to the Cuban treaty by the manufacturers of the United States. But while opposition to the Cuban treaty was abandoned, a resolution constituting a strong protest against the bill lowering the duty on Philippine products from 75 to 25 per cent. of the Dingley rates was adopted. This measure has already passed the House and Senator Lodge tells your correspondent that he does not believe it possible the resolution referred to can result in an insurmountable opposition.

Officials of the War Department regard the apprehension of the beet sugar producers, that there is anything to fear from Philippine competition, as preposterous and as evincing an entire ignorance of the situation. They say that present conditions in the Philippines are deplorable, the carabao, the only practical beasts of burden, have been dying with rinderpest by the wholesale and there is no possibility of recovering the injury done for many years, under the most favorable circumstances. Thousands of acres of cultivated lands are being permitted to go back to their original state of jungle and if neglected for five years will become as entangled fields of underbrush as before they were cleared.

Referring to the sugar production of the islands, it is pointed out that the largest crop ever produced amounted to only 93,000 tons. Last year it was 78,000 tons and the most liberal estimate for the current year does not place it in excess of 10,000 tons. To appreciate these figures it must be remembered that the annual sugar consumption of the United States last year was 2,373,000 tons. Of this amount it was necessary to import 1,700,000 tons. The combined output of Porto Rico and Hawaii was 382,000 tons leaving a deficit of 1,318,000 tons. Even if the improbable assumption be made, that under the operation of the New Cuban treaty the United States takes the entire Cuban product, which last year amounted to 875,000 tons, there would be still left a deficit of 443,000 tons to be imported from elsewhere, an amount far in excess of any crop the Philippines could hope to produce in many years, if ever.

Considerable amusement was caused last week by the discovery that the Senate, on motion of Senator Hoar, had enacted a law which was passed by Congress last session and approved by the President last June. The law provides for a division of the District of Alaska into three new districts and it is recalled that the venerable Senator from Massachusetts once offered a bill appropriating $100,000 to survey a line of railroad from Wrangel to Sitka, Alaska between which points there lie 200 miles of the Pacific Ocean.

### Ex-Speaker Reed.

In the long columns in all our newspapers relating to the recent death of ex-Speaker Reed, we have seen no mention of how, some years ago, on his way to the Capitol he stopped the abuse of a colored driver to a miserable horse struggling up a hill, compelling the driver to throw off half his load. It was a little thing, some will say, but perhaps in the day of judgment when we stand before the bar of Infinite Justice to answer for deeds done in the body, it may count more to his credit than if he had caused the deaths of ten thousand horses and men in Cuba or two hundred thousand in the Philippine Islands.—Geo. T. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH

**When Sandow poses and the muscles ridge his back and knot his arms, we think we have before us the very secret of strength in those magnificent muscles. But we haven't. Starve Sandow, or, what is practically the same thing, let him be dyspeptic, and his muscle would soon fail. Strength is made from food properly digested and assimilated, and no man is stronger than his stomach, because when the stomach is diseased digestion and assimilation are imperfect.**

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food so that the body is nourished into perfect health and strength.

"I had what my physician called indigestion. He gave me medicine for the trouble but it did me no good," writes Mr. W. H. Wells, of Willard, N. C. "I wrote to Dr. Pierce and stated my case. He sent me a descriptive list and hygienic rules. I carried out these as best I could, bought six bottles of his 'Golden Medical Discovery' and commenced taking it. A few days later I noticed a great change. Felt like a new man. Before I began the use of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' I suffered greatly with pain in stomach, my nerves seemed all 'run-down,' I was very thin in flesh, but now can eat heartily and sleep good at night."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send twenty-one one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or thirty-one stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

We Have But One Kind

of Flour, that is the satisfactory kind, called F. S. You all know how good it is. Only

$1.25

per sack. Your money back if not as good or better than you are using.

Nice sweet oranges and nice sour lemons.

Chase & Sanborn's

celebrated Mocha and Jave coffee can only be purchased here. Don't take any substitute.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

### Incorporation Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Monday, January 26th, 1903, at ten o'clock A. M., by Albert J. Loeffler, Albert G. Evans, H. D. McCandless, Robert H. McLure and Edwin G. Ferguson, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and regulation of Natural Gas Companies" approved May 29, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Western Pennsylvania Natural Gas Company, the character and object of which is producing, dealing in, transporting, storing and supplying natural gas, and the places where its business in its various branches are to be conducted are the counties of Allegheny, Armstrong, Butler, Clarion, Elk, Fayette, Forest, Lawrence, McKean, Washington and Westmoreland, State of Pennsylvania; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

J. S. & E. G. FERGUSON,
Solicitors.

### License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that a hearing will be had at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport on Monday, February 2nd, 1903, at 10 a. m., on the petition of John C. Broneman for a transfer of license granted to him on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1902, to sell intoxicating liquor at retail, from the Hotel Fasndena on the north side of Main street in the village of Hazelhurst, Hamlin township, to the Hotel House on the north side of Main street, in the said village of Hazelhurst.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON, Clerk.
Smethport, Pa., January 12th, 1903

A NEW YEAR'S CALL

is an occasion of congratulation, but such a call at our store is doubly so, because every caller becomes a lucky purchaser and we exchange congratulations over the fact.

Profitable purchases are especially pleasant now when pleasant experiences are in order. Now that calls are the proper thing, permit us to call your attention to use

Thornton & Chester's "Best"
and
Pure Gold Flour.

"The Breadmakers."

SHEPARD & GALLUP,
The Leading Grocers.

The Shoes Are in the Stockings.

this time, or will be when the wise Santa Claus makes his rounds.

At present the shoes that will make the most pleasing

Holiday Gifts

are in our store. Got the largest, best assorted and finest line of Ladies', Men's, Boys', Misses' and Children's footwear.

Any of our large stock of shoes would certainly be worthy of putting into the best stocking.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

Shattered Health

can be repaired. There are remedies, if not certain cures, here for every ailment under the sun. Our stock of

Drugs and Medicines

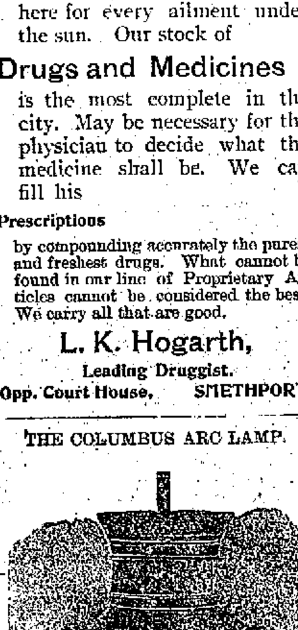
is the most complete in the city. May be necessary for the physician to decide what the medicine shall be. We can fill his

Prescriptions

by compounding accurately the purest and freshest drugs. What cannot be found in our line of Proprietary Articles cannot be considered the best. We carry all that are good.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

THE COLUMBUS ARC LAMP.



These lamps are constructed upon strictly scientific principles and have a standard reputation for quality, appearance and brilliancy. The Lamp gives over 100% candle power over the old way of lighting with single gas burners, with the same amount of gas consumed. Call and get our prices.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

Great Reductions.

GOOD-BYE OVERCOATS.

While there's lot's of winter ahead selling time on Winter Overcoats is growing short, and we have made GREAT REDUCTIONS on our Overcoats that will move them out of our store in a jiffy.

Men's, Boy' and Children's Overcoats

all are in for a move.

You can't make a better investment than to buy a Coat for next winter. All our overcoats are new, right cut and tailored elegantly. We simply want their room and the money invested in them. Now is the time to root out the old pocketbook, when it can do so much for so little. Call and examine them.

H. W. RUBIN & CO.,
THE TERHUNE UNION MADE SHOE.
MERCHANT TAILORS, CLOTHIERS & FURNISHERS.

PRICES OF WOOLEN GOODS
REDUCED

Spring will soon be here and in order to make room for new goods now being received, have decided to reduce prices on all my woolen goods.

All odd pieces of men's, women's and children's underwear will be sold at cost, and many pairs of woolen hose have been placed on the bargain counter, where if you can find anything that will fit or suit you, you can get a bargain.

Will also sell felt slippers and shoes at cost while they last. Have only a few pair left.

Call and look over bargains before it is too late for they will go radidly at prices I have put upon them.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Dec. 29, 1902.

New Patterns
FOR
Early Spring.

We have received an elegant assortment of the most stylish patterns for Spring suits. You will have to call in and see them to appreciate them.

And as for fit and style in making we guarantee each garment to be equal to anything made in the largest cities.

Shillenn & Torrence,
The Leading Tailors
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Place Your Confidence in Us.

When there is illness in your home and the critical period approaches, you find your self wondering if the medicine is really the best that can be obtained. So much depends upon the medicine! Bring your prescriptions to us, and you can be sure that none but the highest standard drugs and chemicals will be used and that every prescription will be filled with as much carefulness and accuracy as if they were for one in our own family. We would like an opportunity to demonstrate these facts to you.

Wells Pharmacy.

January Reduction Sale

is now on and we are offering some fine bargains Notwithstanding the immense trade we enjoyed, we have on hand a choice lot of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and Overcoats which we are selling at a very liberal reduction. We advise an early inspection of these goods before the sizes are all broken.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store
Full Line of Negligee Shirts Now Open.

Queen Quality Shoes. | F. G. Lindholm & Co | Dry Goods and Carpets.

# OUR GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING SALES!

The Great Price Reductions are causing the most sensational selling. Odd lots and broken lines are going with a rush at a fraction of their value.

## January Reduction Sale of Carpets.

70c Ingrain Carpets are now 52½c a yd.
60c Ingrain Carpets are now 42½c a yd.
50c Ingrain Carpets are now 37½c a yd.
40c Ingrain Carpets are now 27½c a yd.

## January Sale of Bed Furnishings.

Our special sale of Blankets, Quilts, Comfortables, Sheets and Pillow Cases, together with several excellent numbers in Muslins, Cambrics and Long Cloths will begin Friday, Jan. 16th.

Yard wide muslin of excellent quality, bleached, 7c a yard; unbleached, 5c a yard.

## January Sale of Outing Flannel.

1500 yards good quality Outing Flannel.

| | |
|---|---|
| Usual price, | 8c. |
| Sale price, yard, | 6c. |

## January Sale of Embroideries

begins Jan. 16th. These goods are to be closed out to make room for new ones just beginning to arrive. Same are marked at a third off. Others at less than one-half.

**F. G. Lindholm & Co.**

---

# Now Heat Your Home Comfortably with a Jewett Reflex Heater.

Even if gas costs 20c per thousand, it would be cheaper for you in a REFLEX than 15c gas in other makes. This is a positive fact, and REDFIELD, the HARDWARE DEALER, will prove it to you or refund your money. It beats using coal at any price.

All people have been more or less worried on the fuel subject. The JEWETT REFLEX will positively settle you worry in the most satisfactory and economical way. It will pay you to buy a REFLEX because of its economy and HEATING POWER. Remember, your money back if you are not convinced.

**REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.**

---

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 15 1903.

## LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bowling matches are becoming quite a fad.

—The afternoon duplicate whist club met with Mrs. Forrest Monday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Brownell entertain the whist club Thursday evening.

—Miss Orra King entertained the Amateur Whist club last Monday evening.

—Warner's Business College has had to refuse three calls for office help in the last two days.

—The Haines Flint Bottle works were obliged to shut down on account of shortage of gas on Monday.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. are conducting a January Clearing Sale. Read their interesting ad this week.

—Mildred Holland believes in advertising and good goods. The combination is bound to win.—Bradford Era.

—Hon. T. A. Morrison installed the officers of John S. Melvin Post, No. 141, G. A. R., in Bradford last Friday evening.

—A sleighload of school children had a jolly time Saturday through the management of little Alice Conley and Edna Ness.

—We shall have another school library before many months, much to the gratification of our teachers, pupils and many citizens.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The combined choirs will sing at the evening service.

—Lawrence Coleman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Volney J. Coleman of Port Allegany who are well known here, is ill with scarlet fever at their home in Port Allegany.

—Miss Lulu Shearon of Bradford, who was operated on for appendicitis, mention of which was made last week, is improving and it is now thought she is out of danger.

—A January Reduction Sale is advertised by "Ike" Simons of the big double clothing house of Bradford in this issue. When you are in Bradford drop in and look over their stock.

—"Mr. Kirk gave a delightful entertainment. His rendering of both dramatic and humorous selections was fine."—Buffalo News. At the Methodist church Thursday evening, Jan. 22d.

—Mrs. Frank Sartwell is entertaining this afternoon. Numerous relatives are the guests. Six hand euchre followed by substantial refreshments form the entertainment at this family party.

—The McKean Miner is 40 years old. The Miner is just five days older than the editor of the Autograph and both are getting better every day.—Austin Autograph.

—What is the matter with the politicians of Keating township? The Republican primaries are to be held on Saturday of next week and as yet not a candidate has announced.

—The Republican borough primaries will be held at the usual hours and place on Saturday, Jan. 24, 1903. Great care should be taken in selecting good men for the various offices to be filled.

—The ladies of the Travelers' Club will give a New England supper at the hose house Tuesday, Jan. 20, from 5 to 8 p. m. Meal tickets 25 cents. Proceeds to be added to the club house fund.

—Benno Monigo, a 14-year-old Italian boy, was injured while thawing dynamite at Howard Junction last Friday morning. He was taken to the Bradford hospital where he died that afternoon.

—The Junior Auxiliary of St. Luke's church will have a social evening at the parish house Monday evening, Jan. 19. An old fashioned spelling bee will be one of the attractions. Admission 15 cents.

—C. E. Martin has resigned his position with Holmes & Gilfillan and has accepted one with the Detroit Stove works as traveling representative. His territory embraces the western part of Pennsylvania.

—The Farmers' Institute will be held at Farmers Valley on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 26 and 27. Every farmer in this section should attend these meetings as much valuable information can be gained by so doing.

—A dispatch from Troy says that George E. Randall, 17 years old, and Margaret Osborne, 14 years old, both of Evergreen, Bradford county, have been licensed to wed, their parents' consent having been granted.

—At the Travelers' club on Saturday Mrs. Chas. McKean will describe picturesque Holland, Mrs. S. E. Bell will acquaint the members with the Pilgrims in Holland and Mrs. D. L. Forsythe will tell what Holland has done for us.

—The McKean Miner was forty years old last week and enjoys a hearty constitution. It bears none of the enervating effects of age, in fact being one of the strongest and most vigorous of our exchanges, and is always looked for with interest. May their shadow never grow less.—Mt. Jewett News.

—Edwin F. Clark died at his home in Clark's Corners, near Bradford, on Sunday last, after an illness of five years of paralysis. Mr. Clark was aged 60 years and had been a resident of this county for 50 years. He was well known throughout the county and his many friends will regret to learn of his death.

—At the regular meeting of the Hamlin Bank & Trust company held Tuesday, Jan. 13th, the same officers and directors were elected for the coming year as served last year. [illegible] of the undivided profits was placed in the surplus fund.

—F. R. Young, B. S., M. D., has returned from New York where he has been doing hospital work for the past two years and has re-opened his office over the store of his father, D. C. Young. See his professional card in another column.

—Wireless telegraphy has opened a new field for newspapers. The scheme is to publish papers on shipboard in mid-ocean. The circulation will naturally be small and the advertising slim, but the enterprising American is going to try the scheme.

—Frank Kernan left this morning for Alaska where he will resume his mining operations. His many friends in this section wish him the best of luck which will certainly follow the ability and hustle which he has at his command.—Port Allegany Argus.

—Mr. Kirk's program is devised for the purpose of presenting the various phases of human nature in a novel manner, at the same time retaining the refinement and literary qualities of an ordinary evening of readings. At the Methodist church Thursday evening, Jan. 22d.

—Elmer E. Kerns, a locomotive engineer of this city, has received a patent on a gas and air regulating valve, through Lewis Bagger & Co., attorneys, Washington.—Bradford Era. Mr. Kerns is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kerns of this place and has quite a reputation as an inventor.

—The meetings of the Chautauqua Circle are very pleasant as well as instructive just at this time. The reading course for the Russian English year proves to be very interesting. Any and all are welcome to attend these gatherings at the Methodist chapel on Monday evenings.

—The [illegible] Chemical company of Crosby, Pa., of which John Troy of this city is a member, have installed a system of electric street lighting at Crosby, which is greatly appreciated by the residents of that place. The system was constructed under the supervision of William McCabe.—Olean Times.

—Miss Jennie Smith has become one of the telephone operators at the Bell exchange, over Magowan's Drug Store. On account of the great increase of business, it was found necessary to place two extra switch boards in the exchange, and this necessitated the assistance of another operator.—Kane Republican.

—Many friends of Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton and Hon. and Mrs. T. F. Richmond were pleasantly entertained by these popular people at the Richmond residence on Main street Tuesday evening. The high prizes were won by Dr. McCoy and Mrs. Mayo. Mrs. Forrest and Mr. Mitchell received the comical low prizes.

—"Am I My Brother's Keeper?" is the Rev. Gaylard Patterson's subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. "What is a Christian?" is his subject for the evening, the opening series on "Spirituality," what it is, its relation to the flesh, the world, morality civilization, closing with a sermon on "Spiritual Blindness."

—The McKean County Miner, a very good paper, reached its fortieth year last week. Since the Miner became the property of Harry Backus it has greatly improved in make-up, news and general appearance, and knowing Harry's ability as a newspaper man we know it will continue to improve.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Pierpont Morgan is undoubtedly the most fascinating figure before the world to-day. "Mr. Morgan, His Advisers and His Organization" are discussed at length in the January Cosmopolitan by John Brisben Walker, who spent ten days between Mr. Morgan's and Mr. John Mitchell's offices in September in the attempt to settle the coal strike.

—Some of the young people of the town enjoyed a dancing party at the hose house Monday evening. Miss Lucy Wright presided at the piano and light refreshments were served. It was a unique affair owing to the fact that none of the guests knew to whom they were indebted for the delightful time. The "Silent Sisters" are certainly a success.

—Mrs. Hogarth and Mrs. Leon Hogarth entertained fifty friends at the Wright House parlors last Thursday evening. Refreshments were served at five o'clock, after which six hand progressive euchre passed the time very pleasantly. Mrs. McGuire won the high prize and Mrs. Allie Colegrove got the booby. Mrs. Llewellyn Sartwell of Eldred was an out-of-town guest.

—For the accommodation of those desiring to attend the inauguration of Governor-elect Pennypacker at Harrisburg Jan. 20, the Pennsylvania Railroad company will sell round trip tickets to Harrisburg from all stations on its lines in the State of Pennsylvania, on Jan. 19 and 20, good to return until Jan. 21, inclusive, at rate of single fare for the round trip (minimum rate 25 cents)

—What promises to be a most exciting bowling contest will take place on the athletic club alleys to-night. The contestants will be a team from the Smethport band and a picked team. Following is the line up. Band—R. K. Knapp, T. H. Purtle, Frank Purtle, Albert Servatius and N. H. Knapp. Picked team—H. R. Henderson, Dr. John Clark, S. E. Bell, W. H. Morrison and Luther Johnson.

## PERSONAL MENTION.

M. J. Green left Monday for Seattle, Wash.

F. M. McGill of Bradford was a visitor in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pattison are visiting friends in Bradford.

Gordon Studholme was a Smethport visitor on Thursday last.

Hon. and Mrs. Thomas A. Morrison are in Scranton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Provin visited Olean on business last Friday.

Hon. Joseph W. Bouton was a business visitor in Bradford Monday.

County Commissioner Peterson spent Sunday with his family in Bradford.

A. M. Thamm left on Saturday for Paterson, N. J., where he has accepted a position.

Tom M. McClellan, editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald, had business in town yesterday.

Roy S. Blowers of Westfield, N. Y., is a guest at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Brennan. Mrs. Blowers has been visiting her mother for some time.

Hon. George Griffith spent Sunday with his family in Kane. The new commissioner had to go around by Johnsonburg to return to his duties on Monday.

### Charged Him With Non-Support.

A determined lady from New Castle came to Smethport on Monday last and made information against her husband charging him with the non-support of their two children. The man, who is a blower in a Smethport glass factory, was given a hearing before Justice Knapp Wednesday and placed under $200 bail, which was furnished. The lady, whom it is alleged has a past, ordered the Miner reporter from the room, together with several spectators, saying, "This is no public opery house, and you must get out." However, Justice Knapp overruled her decision and we are thus enabled to give an account of the proceedings. The plaintiff tells her story with great dramatic force and grammatical abandon. In part she said, "He ought to support them children. They are his'n and he shall support 'em. I don't ask him to keep me a day of my life. This here world owes me a living and I'm a-going to get it!"

### Murder of John Tine.

John Tine of Brockwayville was killed some weeks ago near Lam's Mills, on the B., R. & P. road. At first it was believed to have been a railroad fatality, the body having been run over by the cars. Recently a sister of the victim was told by a clairvoyant that John Tine had been murdered and that a woman and man had killed him. The clairvoyant said that Tine had been struck on the head with a piece of iron and had been shot. She said an examination of the dead man's clothing would reveal bullet holes. Subsequently the statement as to the clothing was verified. Then the body was exhumed and an autopsy disclosed that Tine had been shot through the heart once and the liver twice. The wife of Tine and an alleged paramour, who both disappeared soon after the tragedy are now suspected of the crime.—Era.

### A Communication.

Editor Miner:—Permit me through your columns to express my regret that an entertainment is to be given in our church while special services are being held in the Baptist church. I wrote myself to Mr. Kirk asking him if he couldn't give us an earlier date or one after Lent instead of the one arranged for and found he could not do so.

However, it is expected that Mr. Kirk's entertainment will be instructive and elevating, presenting various phases of human nature in such a light as will impress moral lessons that will contribute to the efficiency of the evangelistic services rather than detract from them. Pastors of churches where the entertainment has been given speak of it as "deeply impressive in the pathetic and sublime," or it would not be given a place in our church.

Gaylard H. Patterson.

### Farm for Rent.

The Bayer farm in Sergeant township, one mile from Clermont, is offered for rent. Tenant must take possession this spring; all the necessary farming implements will be rented with the farm. The farm will be rented only to one who will engage to keep stock.

L. Bayer Estate.

Clermont, Pa., Jan. 5, 1903.

Buy a Food Chopper. It will save its cost many times. Holmes & Gilfillan.

The Kitchen Carving Set at 25c; warranted. Holmes & Gilfillan.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Use the Redfield mantle.

**SEND US A COW,**

Steer, Bull or Horse hide, Calf skin, Dog skin, or any other kind of hide or skin, and let us tan it with the hair on, soft, light, odorless and moth-proof, for robe, rug, coat or gloves.

But first get our Catalogue, giving prices, and our shipping tags and instructions, so as to avoid mistakes. We also buy raw furs.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
116 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.

**F. R. Young, B. S., M. D.**

Office over D. C. Young's store.
Bell 'phone at house and store.
Office Hours: 10-12 a. m., 2-3 p. m., 7-8 p. m

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FRY & HERZOG
DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.
CARPETS MADE FREE.

# SKIRT SALE.

To-day we commence our Inventory clearing sale of dependable, ready-to-wear WALKING and DRESS skirts.

At inventory time we want our stocks down to the lowest notch. It hastens the work and puts us in position to receive immense stocks of new spring goods a little later. Every garment is worthy and at such prices as these should quickly change hands.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| $3.00 and $3.25 regular values, | Special at | $2.25. |
| $3.50 " " | " " | $2.50. |
| $4.00 and $4.25 " " | " " | $3.00. |
| $4.50 " $5.00 " " | " " | $3.50. |
| $5.50 " $6.00 " " | " " | $4.25. |
| $8.00 " " | " " | $6.00. |

FRY & HERZOG.

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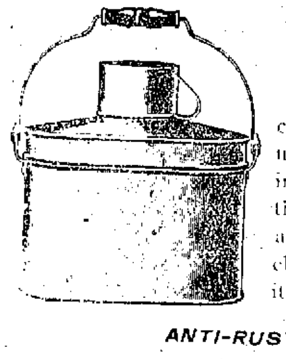
# A Full Dinner Pail.



That is one made of Full Weight ANTI-RUST TIN.

Hand made. Oval in shape. Two convenient trays inside which may be used or not, as desired. Coffee goes in the bottom. No trouble to clean the pail. Extra heavy drinking cup, also sauce cup. The seamless cover closes down over the outside making it tight. Warranted never to rust.

### ANTI-RUSTING TINWARE

is the kind that costs the least in the end. We have the full line. An absolute guarantee against rusting with every piece.

### DISH PANS

Warranted not to break out around the ears or crack down the sides for THREE YEARS. See our Anti Rust Basin at 10c, a bargain.

**HOLMES & GILFILLAN,**
Lumber and Hardware
Blacksmiths' and Wagon Makers' Supplies

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top.

Smethport, Pa. McKean County.

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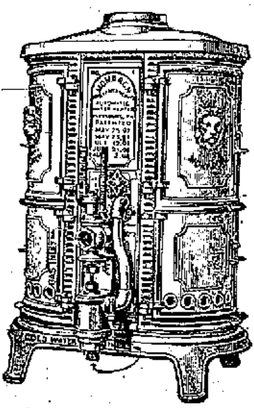
# Parties Using The Monarch Water Heater

In Bradford
L. E. Mallory
L. Emery, Jr.
L. E. Hausher
B. M. Bailey
C. P. Collins
D. H. Jack
Charles Lavens
David Phillips
R. J. Gaffney
W. J. Bovaird
John Eckhart
Philip Nusbaum
John Wiess
John Bird
T. J. Melvin
E. N. Unruh
O. F. Schonblom
O. F. Spencer
S. A. Mundy
Charles Brown
George Mills
Ike Ralph
George Fagnan
D. McLaughlin

In Smethport
County Home
F. D. Gallup
J. W. Bouton
Dr. H. L. McCoy



Dr. E. R. Baker
Robert King
George W. Mitchell
Orlo J. Hamlin

In Bradford
W. R. Weaver
C. V. Merrick
Dore C. Greenewald
Miss Zella Haffey
A. E. Harper
Wm. Hadley
James George
E. W. Bissett
Mrs. T. E. McCray
John Haggerty
D. W. Robertson
Milt Melvin
Frank Hamilton
Joseph Kilgore
Claude Mitchell
Harvey Rose
F. C. French
St. James Hotel
Hotel Holley
Bay State Hotel
Option House
Central Restaurant
Geo. Moore "
Y. M. C. A.

**Smethport Plumbing Co.**
W. S. Palmer, Manager. SMETHPORT, PA.

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THE PRICE IS NEXT TO NOTHING.

Our Regular Annual Clean-up Sale Has Commenced.

CARPET REMNANTS
ODD PIECES OF FURNITURE.

In fact, everything goes. It means a saving to you to

**"See Sloan First."**

**J. M. SLOAN,**
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

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Brasted's Home Made BREAD.

Patronize Home Trade.

# 'st Fight of The Alabama

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

11, 1863

[Copyright, 1903, by G. L. Kilmer.]

At dawn Jan. 8, 1863, the Federal garrison of Springfield, Mo., lined up along the ramparts which blocked the four streets opening off the public square. Confederate raiders swooping down upon the isolated post had spread warning of danger by the impetuous rush of their scouting vanguard some hours before.

Rumor from the outposts declared that the Federals would be overrun by numbers, but if the case was hopeless the garrison could at least emulate Colonel Mulligan's heroic defense of the neighboring town of Lexington in 1861. At Springfield some of the works planned to protect the post were not yet finished. The garrison was a meager one to contend with the 6,000 Confederates marching to the attack. The [illegible] Iowa [illegible] [illegible] Arnold [illegible] and [illegible] who fell into [illegible] a muster of 1,500 men! Three cannon mounted upon wheels picked up in a blacksmith shop were rolled to the fort, which stood in the pathway of the assaulting column south of the town.

The leader of the raiders, General Marmaduke, selected the south side as the first point of attack because the ground was open prairie and his horsemen could ride up in solid column. This column moved slowly, led by a cloud of skirmishers. The center of Marmaduke's line was made up of Joe Shelby's noted brigade, with Collins' equally noted flying artillery. Collins fired an occasional shot, but the Iowa sharpshooters made his gunners cautious in exposing themselves while sighting at long range.

Before Marmaduke closed in for battle some companies of militia cavalry rode out against his right wing, but were unable to check his steady march. The artillery in the fort at the head of the street swept the roadway with shells and forced the Confederate center to fall back. Marmaduke saw that it was not to be an easy ride into Springfield. The preliminary action lasted an hour. Then Marmaduke threw his weight against the Federal right. Brown ordered one cannon to the right, with three Iowa companies to protect it, but the bold artillery captain ventured too far, and, although its fire did terrible execution, the raiders were tempted to silence it by a bold rush. Twenty of Shelby's men dashed for the gun. Their leader, Major Bowman, was shot down with a revolver by Captain Landis when he demanded surrender, but the indomitable raider turned as he lay in his blood and, drawing a revolver, shot Landis.

THE FIGHT WITH REVOLVERS.

Two Iowa captains were also mortally wounded in defense of the gun, which at last fell into the hands of Shelby, and Collins turned it upon the former owners. Meanwhile farther to the right the raiders came to a halt before a stockade built around the academy. Colonel Emmet MacDonald had chosen the task of carrying the stockade, the strongest of the defensive outworks. Shelby, bareheaded, rode beside MacDonald, his long light hair forming a contrast with the colonel's waving black plume. The signal for the charge was followed by a rush that carried the eager troopers over the stockade and the rifle pits alongside.

From the windows of the academy the raiders poured a fire upon the militia of the garrison. Having no cover, the militia fell back slowly, and General Brown rode out to stimulate their ardor. He was shot down by a raider concealed in one of the houses. Warned by this calamity, the Federals set fire to all the houses on the outskirts of the town as they retired to their last line of barricades.

With the academy and stockade as a point of vantage and Landis' gun captured and working havoc on the Federal line, Marmaduke threw his men against fort No. 4 at the head of the street, the center of the defensive line. The Confederates fought through flame and smoke, amid the crash of falling timbers and showers of flaming brands and glowing coals, but they forged ahead, and Collins at last rushed his battery into the streets of the town. With the fall of General Brown the militia retreated still farther, and to the garrison it seemed for the moment that Springfield was lost.

In the heat of the crisis at the front the [illegible] brigade which had been stationed for some [illegible] [illegible] Eighteenth Iowa, which had been on outpost duty some miles from the town, marched up at double quick and crashed like a thunderbolt upon Shelby's men in the narrow streets and alleys. These troopers had done the hardest fighting of the field, but they recoiled before the Iowa bayonets and were driven back to the stockade.

The fresh Iowa companies charged the stockade, but Shelby's men fought tenaciously and held it to the end. But the gallant work of the succoring band gave courage to those who had struggled against odds all day, and it soon became plain to Marmaduke that Springfield could not be carried by assault. Four times his line had been hurled back in front of fort No. 4. Shelby after penetrating the town was hemmed in at the stockade. In the capture of that citadel and the rifle pits around it he had lost some of his bravest officers and men. But one pass to Springfield had been tested. There were three others that might prove equally strong.

As the day drew to a close the fighting died away except for occasional exchange of shots by the artillery. After dark a small column of militia made a dash for Collins' battery, but was struck by ambush fire from two companies of Shelby's men, whom he had dismounted and concealed midway between the Federal barricades and the battery. This charge cost the assailants heavily and was the last of the battle, for Marmaduke moved his line back a mile to the eastward of Springfield. When day dawned on Jan. 9, the garrison looked hopefully for a renewal of the attack, for they longed to improve on their work of the day before. The militia had never been under fire before and after their baptism and failures eagerly wished for another chance. But Marmaduke and his generals were not inclined to risk a second attack. They believed that the garrison was stronger in men and guns than had been originally reported. Besides, the Federals had burned several of the buildings in which food and rations and other coveted military supplies had been stored.

It was for the prize of bread and booty that Marmaduke risked the battle. His column was returning southward after the fruitless battle fought at Prairie Grove, Ark., two months before when he heard of the exposed position at Springfield and its abundant supplies. With the sole object of plunder he had cut loose from the main Confederate army on the south bank of Arkansas river and crossed the border into Missouri. Springfield was his Waterloo, and midwinter found him again on the Arkansas, offering as an excuse for failure the old story that his battle plans had miscarried. He said that one brigade of his command had failed to come up at Springfield and as a result the attacking force was too weak to carry the day.

As is often the case in wild raids on the border, charges of barbarity were made against Marmaduke's men. It was declared by the garrison that General Brown owed his wound to a bullet fired from one of the houses in the town. The historian of Shelby's brigade, however, claiming credit for disabling the Federal commander, states that it was done in fair battle. His statement is that Brown rode along the entire front of Shelby's brigade under fire and clad in bright uniform. Alone and ahead of all others, he seemed to be purposely drawing fire upon himself. The historian adds that his bravery so charmed the foe that the cry was raised on all sides, "Don't shoot that man; let him go; let him go!" Finally a bullet, which may have been a stray one, cut the gallant colonel down, but not with a fatal wound. He lived to fight Shelby's men until the end of the war.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

### Basket Jardinieres.

Indian baskets, as well as those of home manufacture, are liked for jardinieres, but some of the prettiest shapes refuse, because of the indrawn mouths, to admit pots. When this is the case, a dexterous manipulation of oilcloth will furnish a waterproof receptacle for the earth. Cut the oilcloth as nearly as possible the desired size and shape and crease and fold it into subjection as a lining. Wrinkles and a misfit appearance will not detract from the health of the plant or its attractive ness.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

10c. 25c. 50c. All Druggists.

Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Don't Accept a Substitute!

When you ask for Cascarets be sure you get the genuine Cascarets Candy Cathartic! Don't accept fraudulent substitutes, imitations or counterfeits! Genuine tablets stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. All druggists, 10c.

## ONE TRAIT OF AN OUTLAW.

### Always Willing to Stand by a Comrade in Trouble.

While Monrow was low minded, ignorant and brutal, he had one big quality that in some measure redeemed him in the eyes of the men who followed the rough life of the range. He would not desert a comrade in time of trouble, says the World's Work. Down in El Paso in the early part of his career before he had become bold enough to allow evidence of his misdeeds to become apparent he was ostensibly running a ranch and struggling along with the rest of the pioneer cattlemen. A man in his employ was caught driving off a bunch of cattle from a neighbor's herd. By some mischance the fellow fell into the hands of a newly elected sheriff and was not hanged. He was duly arraigned and held under bond of $3,000. Monrow was present at the time and offered to go on his bond. The justice would not accept Monrow.

"Nothing but cash goes in this here court," he said.

Monrow rode away. Five days later he appeared, deposited the cash bond for his friend, furnished him with a horse, and together they headed toward the south. Within an hour a band of cattlemen picked up the trail [illegible] to Rio Grande. Monrow [illegible] [illegible] course, the man never returned for trial, and Monrow began open operations shortly afterward.

### No Opposition.

They were holding a county convention when I reached Davisburg, and after dinner I went over to the hall to hear the speaking, says a writer in an exchange. It didn't amount to much until Sam Walker rose up and said:

"I hain't bin sayin' much around yere today, but the time has cum fur me to shoot off my voice. The ole woman is ag'in me, and my son Bill is ag'in me, but I want to go to the legislachur from this deestrict. The ole woman is ag'in me 'cause I can't write. What do I want to write fur? Thar'll be nuff who kin without me. My son Bill is ag'in me 'cause I can't read. What do I want to read fur? Can't I set thar and hear others read?

"Yes, I want to go to the legislachur, and I hereby nominate myself. That nomination, feller citizens, is carried in my favor as slick as coon grease, and I've got jist a word mo'. I shall be right yere on 'Lekshun day, and the varmint who polls a vote ag'in Sam Walker won't be residin' in this yere cold world two minits later."

### A Hat Tragedy.

Not long ago a lady was choosing a hat, with the usual uncertainty of mind as to the kind of hat she wanted or whether, indeed, she wanted a hat at all. After trying on nearly every model in the shop she pounced with glee on one she had overlooked. "Here's something pretty!" she said. "Why did you not show me this before?" Without waiting for an answer she appealed to her patient friend. "There's some style about this, isn't there? How do I look?"

The friend distinctly sniffed. "It makes you look a hundred, and it's very dowdy," she said.

The other tried the hat at another angle. "It is rather dowdy," she admitted at this juncture. "Perhaps I won't risk it after all."

A voice from behind her made its third attempt to gain a hearing. "If you've quite done with my hat," it said very bitterly, "I should rather like to put it on!"

### The Western Reserve.

In the early days of the Hayes administration, when Mr. Evarts was secretary of state, the members of the cabinet were discussing matters in an informal way one morning when the president mentioned that he had made a few appointments without consulting his official family, the appointees being personal friends. All the places filled happened to fall within the state department. Secretary Evarts turned to John Sherman and said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have often heard and read about the western reserve of Ohio, but I must confess that I have never seen any of it."

### Sterilizing Butter.

In times of cholera, typhoid and other infectious diseases butter is a dangerous thing to eat. A medical man in Egypt gives this recipe for making it harmless: Sterilize the local article by standing it in a covered jar surrounded by boiling water, which should be allowed to simmer for two hours. The jar should then be put on ice and the butter beaten with an egg whisk until it becomes solid again.

### The Tarantula.

The sting of the tarantula (a name derived from Taranto, a town in Italy), the most venomous of spiders, was popularly supposed to produce a disease called tarantism, which could be cured only by music or dancing, and the dance which cured it was called tarantella. You can see the peasants dance the tarantella now, but without waiting for spider bites.

### Why They Were Clean.

Teacher—Now, I want all the children to look at Tommy's hands and observe how clean they are, and see if all of you cannot come to school with cleaner hands. Tommy, perhaps, will tell us how he keeps them so nice.

Tommy—Yes'm. Ma makes me wash the breakfast things every morning.

After a man is fifty you can fool him by saying he is smart, but you can't fool him by saying he is pretty or sweet. —Atchison Globe.

F. W. CROWLEY,

Fine Tailoring,

ELDRED, PA.

Our facilities are unexcelled.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

## TOXIN AND ANTITOXIN.

### What These Two Terms In Medicine Mean Made Clear.

Pasteur, the great French savant, founder of the sciences of bacteriology and preventive medicine, proved in the first place that the epidemic diseases are due to minute living organisms, plants and animals and that for each definite disease there is a specific micro organism. This was the great fundamental fact. Later it became evident that these microscopic parasites cause disease by certain chemical poisons which they produce, called toxins. In many cases the micro organism, if grown in culture tubes outside the body, will produce the same toxins. After being separated from the living germs which produced them these substances will produce all the symptoms of the disease when injected into an animal body. The body at the beginning of an attack of fever is not, however, passive. Its cells react against the poisons introduced and a struggle ensues, the end of which is life or death, the fighting being purposeful and definite. The body's cells secrete a specific chemical body which has the power of neutralizing or rendering harmless the particular toxin introduced. This is called the antitoxin. [illegible] [illegible] C. F. A. Winslow in Atlantic.

### Hannibal's Downfall.

The fate of Hannibal turned upon the result of a promenade. It was after he had crossed the Alps and entered Italy, with winter quarters established at Capua. His residence was one of the best houses in the city, and while walking in the garden he heard a female voice singing not far away. Struck by the tones of the voice he issued an order that the singer should be brought before him. He was so greatly impressed by her charms that he at once attached her to his household, disposing of the husband by beheading him. Retribution followed closely upon the cowardly perpetration of the outrage. The balance of the winter was devoted to pleasure, discipline and drills were practically abandoned, and with the advent of spring the Carthaginian army was so demoralized by the dissipation of the city that its prestige was lost, and with it came the downfall of Hannibal.

### The Affections of the Arab.

An Arab, meaning a tent dweller, for in an equine sense the town dweller is no Arab, loves first and above all his horse. Next he loves his firearm; next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count, I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry, in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.

### An Artful Scheme.

A newly elected official would sometimes return home late at night after his wife had retired, and when she asked him what time it was would answer, "About 12" or "A little after midnight."

On one occasion instead of making the inquiry she said.

"Alfred, I wish you would stop that clock. I cannot sleep for its noise."

All unsuspicious, he stopped the pendulum. In the morning while dressing his wife inquired artlessly:

"Oh, by the way, what time did you get home?"

"About midnight," replied the official.

"Alfred, look at that clock!"

The hands of the clock pointed at 2:20.

### Clay "Butter."

It is not generally known that in many parts of the world clay is eaten on bread as a substitute for butter. This is termed "stone butter" and is used in Germany. In the northern parts of Sweden earth is often baked in bread and is sold in the public markets on the Italian peninsula as well as on the island of Sardinia, Persia, Nubia and other tropical countries. This practice probably had its origin in the knowledge that all earths have some sort of flavor and take the place of salt, a necessary ingredient in all kinds of food.

### How She Caged Him.

"Are you fond of birds?" she asked innocently as she stood at the piano tumbling the music.

"I dearly love them," he replied with never a shadow of suspicion.

Then she ran her slender fingers over the keys and began to sing, "Oh, Would I Were a Bird!"—Chicago News.

### Little Men.

Little men are the disappointment and defeat of God's purpose in making men. All men were intended to be great—some greater than others, but all great.—Bishop Candler in Atlanta News.

More deaths from snake bites occur in India in houses than in the fields or in the jungle.

Idleness is the sepulcher of a living man.—Holland.

INSURANCE.

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W. F. SPECHT

SMETHPORT, PA

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## Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. F. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Com'rs—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Broadet.
Aud's—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; H. G. Battle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—I. W. Buswell.
Council—James A. McKean, president; Mo[illegible] Colegrove, secretary; W. F. Walsh, [illegible] Charles McKean, C. Herzog, [illegible] Thomas Camp, J. A. [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Clarke.
Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—Samuel Green, F. H. Freeman.

## Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. [illegible], N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 274, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerne Hall.

Z. P. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 45, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
MRS MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. W. F. SPECHT, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

I. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches

*Methodist Episcopal*—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

*Episcopal.*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel.*—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elisabeth Catholic Church.*—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

*First Baptist Church.*—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

*Colegrove.*—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

*Clermont Church.*—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

## Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 24, 1901.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:14 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:39 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:39 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..........10:59 a. m.
Train 126, week days..........7:07 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..........9:14 a. m.
Train 123, week days..........2:39 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:18 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

4:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.25 a. m., New York 8:30 a. m., Baltimore 4 30 a. m., Washington 4.05 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10 30 p. m. Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7 15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:01 a. m. Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9.33 a. m., week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8 30 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:16 a. m. Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10 30 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays

| NORTH | STATIONS | SOUTH |
|---|---|---|
| A. M. Lv. | | Ar. P. M. |
| 9 40 | Ridgway | 12 01 |
| 9 55 | Johnsonburg | 11 40 |
| 10 11 | Glen Hazel | 11 28 |
| 10 20 | Straight | 11 20 |
| 10 25 | Instanter | 11 16 |
| [illegible] | Smith's Mills | 11 15 |
| [illegible] | [illegible] | 11 04 |
| [illegible] | Clermont | [illegible] |
| A. M. | | A. M. |

[illegible]

## Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect Jan. 9, [illegible]

Trains Leave Smethport as follows:

[illegible] a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Crosby, Simpson, Davis, Ackers, Kinzua, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] Bradford with [illegible] R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

1.40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Crosby, Simpson, Davis, Ackers, Kinzua, [illegible] and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for [illegible] [illegible] Ridgway, [illegible] Baltimore, [illegible] Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at [illegible] a. m., [illegible] p. m. and [illegible] p. m., daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. [illegible], Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL,
Gen'l Passenger Agent,
Bradford, Penn'a

## The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R.

Time Table No. 14. Passenger Train Schedule Effective June 23, 1902

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

| p.m. | p.m. | a.m. | | a.m. | p.m. | p.m. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 10 | 8.10 | lv Mt Jewett ar | 8.00 | 12.00 | |
| 5.21 | 1.50 | 8.31 | Hazelhurst | 7.36 | 11.3[illegible] | 4.26 |
| 5.29 | 2.05 | 8.37 | Marvindale | 7.29 | 11.27 | 4.19 |
| 5.34 | 2.10 | 8.40 | Kisson | 7.25 | [illegible] | 4.1[illegible] |
| 5.37 | 2.17 | 8.47 | Crosby | 7.18 | 11.18 | [illegible] |
| | | | | 7.10 | | |
| 6.05 | 2.30 | 9.14 | Smethport | p. m. | | |
| | | | | 7.15 | 11.30 | 3.40 |
| 6.18 | 2.43 | 9.27 | Farmers Valley | 7.02 | 11.58 | 3.28 |
| 6.2[illegible] | 2.49 | 9.34 | Corryville | 6.56 | 10.51 | 3.21 |
| 6.31 | 2.55 | 9.40 | Larabee | 6.50 | 10.45 | 3.15 |

SHAWMUT DIVISION.

| Southward Read down | | | STATIONS & Sidings | Northward Read up | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| P.M. | A.M. | | | P.M. | A.M. |
| 7.40 | 11.30 | | Clermont | 7.00 | 8.35 |
| 7.59 | 11.52 | | Wellendorf | 6.28 | 8.17 |
| 8.12 | 12.06 | | Wildwood | 6.40 | 8.04 |
| 8.22 | 12.19 | | North Fork | 5.38 | 7.59 |
| 8.39 | 12.28 | | Bear Run | 5.26 | 7.47 |
| | | AM | | | PM |
| 8.47 | 12.50 | | St Marys | 4.50 | 7.25 |
| 9.07 | 2.50 | 7.38 | St. Marys | 11.02 | 6.47 |
| | 2.52 | 7.40 | Kaul | 11.00 | 6.45 |
| | 3.17 | 8.03 | Paine | 10.34 | 6.20 |
| | 3.21 | 8.08 | Kersey | 10.30 | 6.16 |
| | 4.00 | 8.46 | Elbon | 9.59 | 5.44 |
| | 4.05 | 8.50 | Hyde | 9.55 | 5.40 |
| AM | AM | | | PM | AM |
| | 6.03 | | St. Marys | 6.08 | |
| 8.05 | 6.30 | | Paine | 5.42 | 8.05 |
| 8.33 | 7.00 | | Byrne | 5.10 | 7.30 |
| 8.40 | 7.05 | | Weedville | 5.05 | 7.05 |

Close connections at St. Marys, with P. & E. R. R. for all points East and West. At Clermont, for all points on W. N. Y. & P. R'y. or their connections.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

M. S. BLAIR, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agt.

## COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

| Ar. Eastward. | | | STATIONS. | L'v Westward. | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Ar Dp | A.M. | P.M. | A.M. |
| 8.05 | 7.05 | 2.10 | Ulysses | 7.20 | 2.25 | 9.10 |
| 7.50 | 6.53 | 2.10 | Crowell | 7.27 | 2.32 | 9.19 |
| 7.46 | 0 | 1.57 | Carpenter | 0 | 2.34 | 9.22 |
| 7.40 | 6.48 | 1.53 | Perkins | 7.32 | 2.37 | 9.26 |
| 7.37 | 6.45 | 1.50 | New'fld Junc | 7.37 | 2.42 | 9.32 |
| 0 | 0 | 1.45 | Newfield | 7.41 | 2.46 | 0 |
| 7.05 | 6.36 | 1.41 | Gold | 7.44 | 2.49 | 9.40 |
| 7.00 | 6.30 | 1.35 | Raymond | 7.49 | 2.45 | 9.47 |
| 6.45 | 6.21 | 1.24 | Seven Bdg's | 8.01 | 3.06 | 10.02 |
| 6.40 | 6.17 | 1.20 | Colesburg | 8.04 | 3.09 | 10.10 |
| 6.25 | 6.10 | 1.12 | Frinks | 8.12 | 3.17 | 10.20 |
| 6.15 | 0 | 1.05 | N. Couds'pt | 0 | 3.26 | 10.35 |
| 6.10 | 6.00 | 1.00 | Dp. Ar. | 8.25 | 3.30 | 10.45 |
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Coudersport | | | P.M |
| 4.20 | 7.45 | 12.15 | Ar. Dp. | 8.28 | 6.00 | 1.20 |
| 0 | 0 | 12.13 | Hammond | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 4.05 | 7.38 | 12.09 | Olmsted | 8.33 | 6.05 | 1.31 |
| 3.59 | 7.35 | 12.05 | Mina | 8.37 | 6.10 | 1.37 |
| 3.45 | 0 | 11.59 | Knowlton | 0 | 6.17 | 0 |
| 3.40 | 7.25 | 11.55 | Roulette | 8.47 | 6.21 | 1.51 |
| 3.30 | 7.16 | 11.47 | Burtville | 8.54 | 6.28 | 2.01 |
| 3.23 | 0 | 11.41 | Coleman | 0 | 6.34 | 0 |
| 3.20 | 0 | 0 | Chem. Wrks | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| 3.15 | 7.05 | 11.36 | Pt. Allegany | 9.08 | 6.40 | 2.25 |
| P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Dp Ar | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

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# A PURSUING SIN.

BY FRANCIS LIVINGSTON.

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"LAWRENCE, dear, have you finished? May I come in?"

The young man at the table started slightly and laid down his pen, yet he had not been writing, for the paper before him was untouched. A bright smile overspread his handsome face as he looked toward the fair head scarce seen through the partly opened door.

"Come in, surely, Helen, darling. I shall not write at all." He spoke in a full, rich voice, with just a suspicion of a brogue. "Of what use is it to make any memoranda? I'll just speak to the boys out of my heart."

The young wife sat on a low stool at her husband's side and leaned her head against his arm.

"You were thinking, though, for you jumped when I spoke to you. Go on now and think, and I will be still as a mouse."

"Yes; I was thinking," echoed the young man seriously.

He put his arm about his wife's shoulder, and there was silence between them for a space.

It was a great day in the life of Lawrence O'Hara. He had received, a few hours earlier, the news that he had been nominated by his party for congress. This nomination was, in his congress district, equivalent to an election. He was 28 years old and had been in America ten years. The first two were years of hard toil, but after that fortune had smiled upon him continuously. His [illegible] had been successful from the start. He had married [illegible] brought him [illegible] tained in a [illegible] ration and O'Hara [illegible] man who had arrived.

While waiting the coming of a delegation of his fellow townsmen with their congratulations he had been thinking of the past. Back beyond those first years in America his mind had gone to the days when he wandered a barefoot, ragged lad over the turf of County Mayo. Those were days of poverty, which was often bitter, and ignorance which now seemed to Lawrence almost incredible. There was one dark period of three months his last in Ireland—which he never could recall without burning cheeks and which came to his memory now only at rare intervals. The shame of it might have ruined his life, but instead of that it had driven him out of the night of ignorance into the sunlight of knowledge and endeavor.

It was upon this dark period that his mind was dwelling when his wife startled him by her call.

Just now she moved her lips nearer his ear and murmured softly: "Lawrence, how proud I am of you and how happy I am! Are we not perfectly happy now, dearest?"

"Hush, hush, Helen," said O'Hara, glancing quickly over his shoulder, the old, inborn superstition of his race asserting itself for a moment—"never confess that, girl—never say 'I am perfectly happy'—that is a pinnacle from which one can go no higher; the next step must be downward."

HIS APPEARANCE WAS GREETED WITH PROLONGED CHEERING.

Even as he spoke a shiver passed over him. Helen laughed, and her hand touched his dark curls caressingly.

"Very well, then. I am not happy. I am a very miserable woman with a naughty, bad husband. Does that satisfy you?"

The bell rang and a voice in the lower hall asked for Mr. O'Hara. Helen kissed her husband and ran from the room. A few moments later a heavy step was heard on the stair and a dark figure appeared in the doorway.

Lawrence took a step forward and then paused, his face white as the blank paper upon the table.

"I was so sure of my welcome that I came right up, ye see." The voice was raucous and the tone sneering.

"Well, Larry O'Hara, ye've prospered mightily indade, and I seem to have arrived at a good time, for they tell me ye've just been nominayted for high office."

The guest seated himself unbidden.

"Have ye nothing to say to an ould frind after all these years of separation?"

"I hope you have prospered too, Miles Callan."

Lawrence's voice sounded strange and far away, like the voice of one who speaks in a trance.

"Prospered, yes, I look it, don't I?" said the other, with a bitter laugh and a glance downward at his broken boots and faded clothing. "It is just a week since I left Blackwell's Island. I landed there the day after I struck New York, six months ago. But that's nothing new for me."

Lawrence still stood motionless. He seemed paralyzed with horror.

"But ye haven't much to say to me, Larry; perhaps ye'll have more when ye learn what I've come for."

"I cannot hope it is for any honest reason, Miles Callan; I have known only evil from your hands in the past."

"And now ye're going to return good for it, according to the way of the righteous, and I'll see to it that ye do."

Lawrence did not hear the sneer. His thoughts were far away in Ireland. It was a moonlit summer night and four young men were returning to their miserable home from a meeting of striking linen workers. As they passed through the deserted village streets the eldest of them, who had been inveighing loudly against the landlords and all who owned property, stopped and whispered something about a linen merchant whose store he pointed out. The older lads were inflamed by passion and drink, and Lawrence, the youngest, who had had his share of the liquor, went with the rest. Only half comprehending what was intended, he did as the leader bade and stationed himself at the door to watch while the others went in through a rear window. The merchant happened to be sleeping in his shop that night. He gave an alarm and the housebreakers were caught. Larry pleaded guilty and was sentenced to three months in jail. It was this disgrace which drove him in shame and horror from his native land.

Miles Callan, the leader of that shabby little band of culprits, sat before him.

"Had ye only robbed a bank, now, O'Hara, or made 'way wid big trust funds it would have a fine sound and might be overlooked, but a linen draper's till—'Larry the Till Tapper'—'twould look ill in the country papers, wouldn't it, lad?"

"Hush, oh, hush!" groaned Lawrence, looking toward the door.

"Aye, I've heard of her, too, and 'tis not likely ye'll have told her of it nor that ye'll be doing it soon."

He held out a grimy piece of paper.

"There's an attested copy of an entry in the jail warden's book at Crossmolina: 'Lawrence O'Hara, larceny; entered June 13, discharged Sept. 13, 1885.' Its price is $500. Take it if ye wish. If not, yer opponent will be glad to buy it."

There was one swift passing moment of temptation. Lawrence had not an enemy in the town or district, but he knew too well the cruel emergencies which politics give rise to. His opponent could not afford to ignore that paper. It would give him the election. Then he spoke. "Miles Callan, had you come here as an old acquaintance in need for all the debt of bitterness I owe you I'd have helped you gladly. But when you come avowing blackmail not one cent will you wring from me."

From afar came faintly the sound of a strange commingling of shouting, singing, the beating of drums and the tooting of horns. An hour ago it would have been the sweetest music in the ears of O'Hara. Now it sounded his doom.

Miles Callan sat watching Lawrence, a malignant grin upon his face.

"Do you hear that?" said the younger man. "That is my friends coming to rejoice with me. Now see, Miles Callan, what a man dare do. I've lived this thing down once. Please God I'll do it again!"

Going to the door, he called, "Helen!" When she came, he put his arm about her. "Dear," he said gently, "a great trouble has come upon me. Are you strong to help me bear it? Look at that man. Do you remember my chiding you tonight, Helen, for proclaiming our happiness? Oh, girl, how true it is that the consequences of a sin can never be foreseen and that they may pursue us to the grave! I made a misstep once, Helen. It was in the faroff days in the old country, and, though I thought I had atoned by years of bitter suffering, my sin has come home to me in the hour of my triumph, borne by the very hand which led me into temptation."

The sound of the trumpets and the shouting were louder now. The advance guard was already in front of the house. Helen, who had listened with face growing paler, now threw her arms around her husband's neck.

"Lawrence, Lawrence," she cried, "you know I trust in you and believe in you with all my soul. Who dares say that my noble husband has ever done an ignoble thing?"

"'Tis himself; it is he who dares, not that wretch there!" cried the young man excitedly. "Girl, I will never go to Washington, but ye'll have no cause to blush for me this night." In his excitement his tongue proclaimed in richer accent the land of his birth. "Listen while I tell them, and ye shall know everything."

Hundreds of voices were now shouting his name in front of the house. Unclasping his wife's arms from his neck Lawrence leaped upon the balcony. "My friends," he cried, but he got no further. His appearance was greeted with prolonged cheering.

Helen, half fainting, leaned heavily upon the table and now looked with dilated eyes upon the dark, heavy figure in the corner.

Callan had risen from his chair and stood regarding the beautiful young woman with shamefaced admiration.

"My friends," continued Lawrence, "I thank you for your greeting. The honor which has come to me I cannot accept. Not that I do not desire it most heartily; to pretend otherwise would be to deceive you. Because you are my friends you shall know the true reason. I am not fit to represent you in congress." He was interrupted again, this time by loud cries of indignation and disapproval.

Before they had died away Helen spoke. She was looking at Callan with an expression of intense loathing.

"Until tonight," she said in a low vibrant voice, "I thought that in all God's creation [illegible] had fallen [illegible] remained I did not believe that anything so utterly vile as you could live [illegible] this home, which you have desecrated by your presence." She [illegible] her open hand and turned away her head. "May God"—

"TAKE OFF THE CURSE, SWEET LADY."

"No, no," cried Callan in terror, "do not curse me—not that! not that!"

Again Lawrence's voice arose: "My friends, you know what my life has been among you, but before that was a life less favored and far less happy. It is of that older time I would speak to you, and then you will understand."

Callan sprang from his crouching position and in one bound was upon the balcony beside O'Hara.

"Let a man who knows all about that ould life speak of it for him," he cried to the throng below. "Our young frind here is nervous and upset tonight because of an unexpected visit from a companion of thim ould days. They were days when he hadn't always shoes to his feet and sometimes scarce a whole pair of trousers on his legs, and it's because of these days of poverty and distress being so strongly recalled to him by this foolish ould frind that he thinks tonight he's not fit for this high station. But let one who knew him then tell you that he has nothing to blush for except that same poverty and the ignorance which went with it, and both of thim he's long since put behind him. There's no finer young man in the worruld tonight than Lawrence O'Hara!"

A loud outburst of cheers greeted this speech. Lawrence, who had stood by, too astonished to interrupt, glanced backward through the window and, seeing Helen on the point of slipping from the chair into which she had sunk, sprang to her aid.

Callan had caught the fancy of the crowd and for the next few minutes kept them roaring with laughter as he told anecdotes of his boyhood in Crossmolina.

Back in the room he knelt at Helen's feet, his tattered cap in his hands.

"Take off the curse, sweet lady," he begged, "take off the curse and niver more be saddened by the sight of Miles Callan."

Helen looked at the cowering wretch, a beautiful smile upon her pale lips.

"God forbid that I should curse you," she said. "I shall pray that he may forgive you, as I do."

Callan bent his head low before her and, after one adoring look, rushed from the room.

"Stay, Miles, stay; do not go yet," cried Lawrence.

He would have followed Callan, but Helen threw her arms about him.

The people were calling loudly for him.

"Your place is with them," she said, urging her husband toward the window. "Leave him to God."

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### A Watchmaker.

The late Aaron Dennison was called "the father of American watchmaking." He was interested in his work, because he hoped thereby to benefit his fellow man.

Often he worked late into the night, so late that his loving wife would go and beg him to "wait until tomorrow." One night she said to him: "Are you not going to bed at all? What are you doing?"

And he turned and slowly answered, "I am trying to make it possible for every poor man to have a watch," a result which he very nearly accomplished.—Youth's Companion.

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## WILD ANIMAL FIGHTS.

### Enormous Physical Force Expended In These Fierce Combats.

In the fiercest battles which sometimes take place between the great carnivora and the largest and most powerful of the ox tribe the forces of animal courage, desperation and bodily strength must be exhibited on a scale never elsewhere seen, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Such combats do occur, but have seldom been witnessed and still less frequently described. Two or three lions sometimes combine in such an attack, but from the marks seen on buffalo it is probable that sometimes there is a single combat, for it can hardly be supposed that the buffalo could escape from more than one lion.

The number of foot pounds of energy put into such a struggle must be something extraordinary. [illegible] lion, which can strike a [illegible] from the shoulder [illegible] ing by his grip of [illegible] or which can carry a cow over a high stockade, or, endeavoring [illegible] in close grips to drag down [illegible] must be on a [illegible] and the strength which can shake him off and, it is believed, occasionally crush the lion afterward must be even more amazing. A buffalo bull has been credited with engaging three lions in mortal combat and making a good fight before he was disabled by one of the lions hamstringing him by biting his legs from behind.

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### Excess of Diet.

An insurance man of my acquaintance ate hearty breakfasts, with meat and coffee, a hurried lunch at noon, but also with meat, and a heavy dinner at night. He took no exercise, always rode between house and office, became fat and bloated, and his blood became so overloaded that he readily succumbed to disease at forty-five. The wonder was that he lived so long. He was a type of the average well to do citizen. Like him, most of us eat too much, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. Diet should depend upon temperament and vocation. At hard work out of doors one requires more nutriment than at sedentary labor indoors. A gradual reduction in diet, even an occasional fast, will cure many ordinary ills. Add deep breathing, fresh air, body building exercises, plenty of sunshine, water inside and out, and it is astonishing how much better one feels.

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### Prices For Sermons.

Much has been said of the practice of buying and selling sermons, a practice, by the way, of no very special novelty. Just before Toplady was about to be ordained Osborne, the bookseller, the friend of Johnson, offered to supply him with a stock of original sound sermons for a trifle. "I would sooner buy secondhand clothes," was the tart reply. "Don't be offended," said Osborne. "I have sold many to a bishop." The price of sermons, as of all else, has varied with the times. In 1540 a bishop of Landaff received from the churchwardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, for a sermon on the annunciation a pike, price 2s. 4d.; a gallon of wine, eightpence, and boat hire in all 3s. 4d. In the seventeenth century sermons seem to have been valued at about 5 shillings each.

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### Making It Clear.

Religious examination papers are an ancient and unfailing source of joy. The latest one to be put in evidence comes from an English church training college. Candidates for admission are required to give in writing some account of the religious instruction they have received, and a recent answer to the first two formal questions ran as follows:

Question: What instruction have you had in religious knowledge?

Answer: None.

Question: By whom was it given?

Answer: By the vicar.

The thing might have been expressed more logically, but not much more clearly.

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### A Guest's Mot.

Greville does not tell the following story in his famous "Memoirs," but it is a fitting return for his own rather malicious wit: On one occasion, when Lord Alvanley was his guest, the dining room had been newly and showily furnished, whereas the dinner was but a very meager one. While many of the guests were complimenting their host on his taste and magnificence Lord Alvanley interrupted them with, "For my part, I should prefer more carving and less gilding."

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### Changing the Diet.

Cannibal Chief—Wasn't that last missionary you sent us a writer of books?

Agent—Yes.

Cannibal Chief—And the one before was formerly an editor?

Agent—That is correct.

Cannibal Chief—Well, I wish you'd send us a football player next. The medicine man says we're having too much brain food.—Judge.

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### A Genuine One.

A man dropped his wig in the street, and a boy who was following close behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him.

"Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig. "You are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."

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### Broke.

Father—Well, my son, did you succeed in breaking in the new horses so that they would stand the noise of steam?

Son—No, father, but I broke the carriage.

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### In the Lover's Eye.

All's fair in love, especially the girl a fellow is in love with.—Philadelphia Record.

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# FOR NANNIE'S SAKE

By J. P. COUGHLAN

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The flier which left San Francisco that night carried me with it, although its first stopping place was ten miles beyond Somersville, the village of my destination. Such was the impatience of my rage that I preferred the prospect of a ten mile tramp to the delay and slowness of a later train.

How my hate burned on that November night! My thoughts ran on to the accompaniment of the steps in [illegible] clatter of the train as it flew over its rail of steel. Through and through my brain like a red hot ball of lead ran the remembrance of the wrong done me by my treacherous friend, and time and time again I swore it [illegible] on the vengeance that should be mine.

I was still in my soldier's uniform. But first let me tell you the story. Let me explain my fierce hate. Jim Bradley and I had been chums—a fine, lovable fellow I thought him. We were side by side in Cuba, and I believed that we knew one another as two men who braved hardship and danger together should.

We went to the Philippines. Our friendship remained fast and seemed to be impervious to any assault. But that country must have made a sad change in the character of my chum. Lured on by some dark eyed native woman, he turned traitor to his country and sacrificed his honor. He procured arms for the rebels and actually contemplated joining them. It was I who discovered his perfidy. He confessed and tried to draw me into his traitorous schemes. My duty was to denounce him, but I could not. Our old friendship was too strong, and I had foolish hopes of dissuading him from his madness.

I cannot take [illegible] I do not want to [illegible] by the events that [illegible] suspected, arrested [illegible] By some devilish [illegible] true positions [illegible] guilty one. Dazed at first [illegible] this turn in affairs [illegible] knowledge I had possessed of Bradley's intrigues with the rebels. [illegible] months I was held waiting for trial.

When that trial came I was freed but it left me almost a wreck, with

"YOU MUST LIE PERFECTLY STILL," SHE SAID.

nothing but the vitality, fostered by vengeance, to support me. In the meantime Bradley had been invalided home, and, knowing that he had been born in Somersville, thither I raced to gratify the burning desire for revenge that I had nursed for six months.

There, in brief, is the reason why I was on board this express. It was the end of the chase, and I was hot on the trail of the false friend who betrayed country and comrade with equal readiness, the one at the behest of a dark eyed rebel witch, the other to save his own worthless neck.

The motion of the express exhilarated me beyond measure. The hundred and one plans for vengeance that I had plotted across the Pacific I reviewed again and again, yet decided upon none. I would let the circumstances of our meeting be the arbiter of what ignomy I inflicted upon him before killing him.

Suddenly the air was filled with a monster groan. A roar and shock confused my senses, and the car in which I rode seemed to rise with a bound into the air, and then I knew no more.

I awakened in the white bed of a hospital. There had been a dreadful wreck, an entire train derailed and almost crushed to atoms within a few hundred yards of Somersville. The local hospital, generally an almost empty institution, was now filled with the injured, and ambulance trains had carried scores of others to Dalton, the next station on the line.

I awoke to the sight of a sweet face bending tenderly over me, and a soft voice bade me be quiet as I opened my lips to ask a question.

"Now, you must lie perfectly still. You are not badly hurt—a broken arm and a little shock. You will be up and about very soon if you obey me implicitly. I am your nurse. I know you will be obedient because you are a soldier and accustomed to obey."

I nodded feebly and closed my eyes again. Can you understand how sweet is the sight of a fair, tender American face after nearly two years in the swamps and wilds of the Philippines? The note of compassion in her voice, the pure grace of her face, bound me a slave to my nurse, and her gentle presence was restful to my overtaxed nerves.

In a few days I began to improve rapidly. I took an interest in my surroundings, and, having [illegible] that I was actually in Somersville, I asked many questions, trying to find out through my nurse many things that I desired to know concerning the man whose infamy had caused me this journey to Somersville.

My nurse was a native of the town and was one of the generous volunteers who had given their services to the victims of the wreck. All who knew her called her Nannie, and when I asked how to address her she told me to call her Nannie, as the others did.

One day I asked her, in as unconcerned a voice as I could muster, whether she knew any Bradleys living in the town.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I know them very well. But why do you ask? Do you know any of them?"

In a sudden access of confidence, having first bound her to secrecy, I told my story. It was a relief to me, lying there on my back, with my eyes staring at the white ceiling, to pour out my wrongs to this girl in whose presence and touch I always felt a wealth of sympathy. I did not note her face during my recital, so engrossed was I upon the picture my brain was painting.

When I had finished, she said in a curiously dry, hard voice:

"You were terribly wronged. You have suffered cruelly, but I cannot speak of this now. I will come to you again."

For nearly two weeks an intermittent fever kept me in bed. My gentle little nurse was even more solicitous than before, but she did not allude to the story I had told her. A trace of sadness seemed to have crept into her manner, which I could not ascribe to any particular cause.

On the second day I was able to dress myself and sit on the edge of my cot Nannie seated herself on a chair near me.

"I want you to promise me something today," she said in a low, quiet voice, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor in front of her.

"I'll promise you anything in reason, Miss Nannie," I answered, with more fervor in my voice than in my words, for this tender girl had grown inexpressibly dear to me.

"This is within reason. You must forgive Jim Bradley!"

"Nannie, I have sworn to kill him. I shall keep my vow."

"No, no! You must not! It would be terrible. You must forgive him. For my sake promise me that you will forgive him!"

I could only stare at the floor and try to frame words of strength, of determination.

"Come," she whispered, and, taking my hand, she led me to the end of the ward where a screen hid a cot from view. We all knew the meaning of that ominous screen.

Noiselessly she pushed it to one side. There lay the man whom for months I had been pursuing. The ghastly pallor of death was on his features. The life was flickering in the eyes that met mine. The mute, despairing appeal on his face killed the last of my resentment. Nannie had taken his hand, and, unconscious of what I was doing, I let her put it in mine. Bradley was the only one to speak.

"That smashup finished me. I am not worth revenge now, but I'm sorry"— As he spoke he brought his hands together and placed Nannie's in mine. "Poor little sis! I've been a bad lot!"

He fell back on his pillow. A few days later he was beyond all vengeance of this life, and as Nannie and I left his grave we faced the future together.

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### When the King Laughed.

One of the three occasions on which Philip IV. of Spain laughed was as follows: Philip's first wife, Isabella of Bourbon, died in 1645, and the next year he married the Austrian Archduchess Maria Anna. This princess understood Spanish but very imperfectly. Passing on her way to the capital through a certain town which was distinguished for its silk manufactures, she was presented by the inhabitants with a few dozen silk stockings. Heedless of the queen's presence, the master of ceremonies snatched the parcel out of the hands of the town councilors, flung it on the ground and exclaimed in a rage:

"Are you not aware that the queens of Spain are not supposed to have any legs?"

The queen, with her imperfect knowledge of Spanish, here began to weep, called for her father confessor, Reinhardt, and told him that she meant to return to Austria. If she had known that in order to become queen of Spain it was necessary to have one's limbs cut off, she would rather have died in Germany than undergo the operation in Spain. When this incident was related to the king, he burst into loud laughter before the whole assembled court.

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### Their Own Lookout.

There was an Irishman who after reaching America was full of homesick brag, in which nothing in America even approached things of a similar variety in Ireland. In speaking of the bees of the ould sod he grew especially roseate and said:

"Why, the bees in that counthry is twice as big as in this, bedade. Indade, they're bigger than that—they're as big as the sheep ye have in this counthry!"

"Bees as big as sheep!" said his incredulous listener. "Why, what kind of hives do they have to keep them in?"

"No bigger than the ones in this counthry," was the reply.

"Then how do the bees get into the hives?" he was asked.

"Well," replied the Irishman, "that's their own lookout!"

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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

# Fate the Conspirator

By Howard Fielding

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MISS CAROLINE WALLACE was a young woman who had a false view of life through no fault of her own. She did not know that this is a humdrum world where the very fates themselves doze with the dullness of their task. She thought it a place full of adventure and change, crowded with incidents, like a sensational novel.

As an orphan without a penny she had been handed about from one relative to another during her childhood, girlhood and young womanhood. Uncles, aunts and cousins had provided for her in turn, according to their various means, and the difference had been almost as broad as the whole scale of human fortunes. At twelve years of age she was the pet of an uncle who gave her every luxury and a special maid to wait upon her; at fourteen she was washing dishes for poor Aunt Amanda, who subsisted upon the income of the little end of nothing whittled out to a sharp point.

She fell in love at the age of sixteen and could not fall out again. The image of Henry Stephen Fiske was imprinted upon her heart indelibly, as she verily believed.

"I AM ASHAMED OF BEING PASSED AROUND."

Steve Fiske was a very handsome young man, and his image was well worth preserving, but the material of which sixteen-year-old hearts are usually made will hold impressions as faithfully as a soft snowball in the sunshine.

This idol of her girlhood had never made love to her. He was always joking. He treated her like a child, and she was often angry with him for doing so. She particularly remembered one of his jokes which was made on the evening when he bade her goodby.

"I am going out west to make a lot of money," said he. "When I come back, I will give half of it to you. What will you do with it?"

"I'll run away to Europe," she replied.

She had letters from him at long intervals after he went west. They were full of impersonal description, under which she detected a deepening tone of discouragement. "I am afraid you will never go to Europe on your share of my fortune," he said in one of them. "The half of it today wouldn't pay your fare on a merry go round."

When Carol was twenty-one, there dawned upon her for the first time a true realization of the fact that she had been an object of charity from her early youth. It had always seemed perfectly natural to her that some one should take care of her.

For the last three or four years she had lived with a silly old aunt who regarded all women who worked as essentially degraded thereby. This theory was invalidated in Carol's mind by a slowly growing conviction that her aunt was mistaken upon nearly all subjects of human thought. The singular result was that Carol was led to learn stenography and typewriting secretly as a protest against her aunt's views.

"I am ashamed of being passed around among my relatives like a contribution box," said Carol. "I am going to earn my own living."

Deaf to protests and entreaties, she went to New York, trusting serenely in the luck which had never deserted her.

It was a firm of lawyers that obtained Carol's services, Harburg & Wrenn. Carol did not like the appearance of either Mr. Harburg or Mr. Wrenn. They were little fellows, both of them; fierce, intent and scowling. Carol would not have taken the position except that their offices were high up in a great building and had a splendid view of the bay. Upon her first visit she saw a big steamer going out to cross the ocean, and she thought it would be an agreeable form of torture to watch these vessels filing by upon their way to all those lands which she so longed to see.

Her old time dreams of travel were reawakened not only by the gateway of the ocean, which was in view from Harburg & Wrenn's windows, but in a more remarkable manner by a letter from Stephen Fiske, the first that she had received in nearly two years. It came with no other address than the general postoffice. She called there for letters occasionally during the first two weeks because there were a few friends whom she had informed of her intention before leaving her aunt's home in Ohio and when she knew not where she would find a roof to shelter her in the great city.

"I learned by telegraph from your aunt that you were in New York," wrote Mr. Fiske, "and I send this in the hope that it may find you. I shall be in [illegible] from the 21st to the 25th of the month, and I must see you. On the latter date I sail for Europe."

Then followed a timid reference to the old jest, from which the writer hastened on to tell of recent successes. He had been very fortunate in some mining property and had become associated with men of such importance that he spoke of them by their last names only, as if they had been Shakespeare and everybody was bound to have heard of them.

The really essential fact about the letter was that Carol received it on the 24th of the month about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and Stephen Fiske would sail next day. Having read the letter in the postoffice, Carol returned to Harburg & Wrenn's in a state of high excitement. Mr. Fiske had mentioned the hotel where he would stay, and Carol called it up by telephone. It appeared that this gentleman was a guest there, but was not in. Carol gave her name and address, with some very earnest admonitions, and every time that the office telephone rang during the afternoon she had great difficulty in restraining herself from rushing to the little booth where it was kept.

She read Mr. Fiske's letter several times, to the detriment of her work, and once Mr. Harburg caught her staring, entranced, at the envelope, which bore the name of a mining company printed in bold red. She whipped the letter out of sight, but not in time to escape the keen eye of the lawyer, and she felt her face burn when he looked at her. It was a peculiar look that he gave her. The man seemed to be startled. He held an open letter in his hand at the time, and she had supposed that he came to dictate a reply to it, but he returned to his private room without having said a word.

The day's work closed at 5 o'clock, but Carol waited in the hope that Fiske might come. By a quarter past 5 she was alone in the offices. The day was fading in a dull sky without. The room where she sat was already quite dark. She leaned back in a swinging chair and rested her head against the wall, falling into a waking dream.

It must have been near 6 when she heard Mr. Harburg enter the outer office stealthily and accompanied by several persons. Their voices came to her quite plainly when they had entered Mr. Harburg's room, which was upon the other side of the partition against which she leaned. The voices droned on for ten or fifteen minutes, and then suddenly Mr. Harburg came out into the room where Carol sat.

"You here?" he cried roughly. "What are you doing?"

Then, with a complete change of tone:

"I beg your pardon. I was startled. I'm a very nervous man. You won't mind my rudeness. There's no telling what I'll do when anything scares me."

"I was waiting for some one," said Carol, "but it's too late now. I'll go home."

"Don't go till you're ready," responded Harburg cheerfully. "Always glad to have you in the shop. Wrenn and I agreed the first day you were with us that you were not only the handsomest girl we'd ever seen, but the cleverest too. Yet we never did you justice. We will, though."

"You are very kind," replied Carol in a tone of frozen rage.

She put on her wraps hastily and left the office, going at once to the hotel where Fiske lodged. He had not returned. She left word for him to call upon her in the evening, but he did not come, and she shed tears of disappointment as she lay down to sleep.

"YOU HERE?" HE CRIED.

The next morning as soon as she reached the office she telephoned vainly to the hotel. Then she sat idle for nearly two hours. Neither Harburg nor Wrenn had appeared, but the former came in about 11 o'clock and immediately called for Carol. He was in an excellent humor, and his conversation sparkled with wit. It was usually confined strictly to business, yet so long as the man attempted no more compliments Carol cared little what he talked about.

"I want to ask a favor of you," said he at last. "There's a rather delicate matter which I'd like to have you attend to for me outside the office. One of our clients, a Mrs. Redding, sails for Europe today, and she's very much worried because we have not been able to bring certain affairs of hers to a successful termination as yet. But they're all right. She's merely impatient. Now I want you to take this note to her aboard the Naridia. Don't ask for her about the ship, because she's sailing on the quiet; not booked under her own name, you know. Just go to her room No. 124, and knock. Give her this note and talk to her in such a way that she'll know that everything is all right."

Carol trembled at the thought of leaving the office when it might cost her the chance of seeing Stephen Fiske, and yet she could not refuse the errand. After all, if he came for her he could follow her to the ship. She left word where she was gone with the small boy who opened and closed the outer door, and she bribed him liberally for his fidelity and secrecy.

It was not a long way to the Naridia's pier, where lay the ocean giant huge and black. Carol's head swam with dreams as she walked aboard the ship. She fancied herself sailing away.

SHE DRANK A GLASSFUL.

However, it was necessary to remember the prosaic task in hand. She seemed strangely at home upon this vessel, though she had never seen one like it. Without the slightest difficulty she found room No. 124. The door opened promptly to her knock.

She beheld a large, stout, rather coarse looking woman standing behind a very small table, upon which was an open bottle that seemed to contain wine, but a second glance showed Carol it was a sort of unfermented fluid made from grape juice. She liked it very much and sometimes had a bottle of that brand with her luncheon when she ate in the office. Yet the innocent child saw no coincidence in the presence of a bottle of it in this place. She readily drank a glassful at Mrs. Redding's invitation after she had delivered her note and her message.

Then she waited in the stateroom while Mrs. Redding went out to speak a word with a friend, and somehow she happened to sit down upon the berth and to put her head upon the pillow.

It seemed to her that Mrs. Redding was a long time away. The air of the cabin was close. It was affecting her with headache and nausea. She would open the port, she would go out upon deck. But she did neither of these things. In fact she settled herself in the berth with a curious sensation that became a groan, repeated over and over again, louder for some minutes, then gradually fainter, until she lay quite still.

She was conscious at last of a great confusion, the murmur of voices and the crowding of a narrow space. Then some one cried out in a strangely familiar tone:

"I tell you she must be taken ashore. I will pay any sum!"

"We're half way down the bay," replied some one. "Everything that can be done for her in the world can be done here. She'd better stay."

Her tongue seemed to be swollen to twice its size and to be paralyzed. She could open her eyes, yet she could see nothing.

"I must speak to him! I must speak to him!" her brain kept repeating. And at last she spoke aloud:

"Is that you, Mr. Fiske?"

"Carol! Carol!" cried the voice. "You know me?"

"Yes. Why did they do this to me? Why are you here?"

She felt the warmth of his breath close to her face.

"Did they see my letter?" he asked. "The envelope?"

She murmured, "Yes."

"They are dishonest people—shysters," said he. "They are in a big suit against our company. They took you for a detective. They thought that you had trapped some of their rascally secrets. So they put up this plan to get you out of the country. It has been a desperate game from the start. They have tried all sorts of tricks with our people in New York. The boy told me where you were. Thank heaven that you gave him the number of your room!"

"Is this your ship," she asked—"the one you were to sail in?"

"It's the one we both must sail in now," he answered, "though my baggage is in another. But I have plenty of money in my pocket, by the blessing of heaven, and, Carol, I told you long ago that the half was yours."

"To go to Europe," she said, with a little laugh.

The rest is conventional—the girl's recovery, the strange voyage, the love scenes on the wind swept decks under the moon, the marriage in a far land, the travel, the return and, least important of all, the ultimate retribution for the guilty persons in this conspiracy, which, like much other evil in the world, accomplished much good in the end.

## The Loss of a Horseshoe.

The loss of a horseshoe exerted a tremendous influence in the history and reign of Henry VIII. of England. After the fall of Anne Boleyn the papacy prepared overtures of reconciliation so favorable to the king that he concluded to accept them. A representative was sent from Rome with the dispatches, and when only a day's journey from Calais the horse cast a shoe and fell lame. As the horse was a favorite animal, the messenger determined to wait for a day rather than take the chances of losing the horse. The next day the journey was resumed and London was reached, to find that Henry that day had been married to Jane Seymour, a Protestant, that Anne had been beheaded the day before, and all hope of a reconciliation was lost. The messenger was a day too late, and the horseshoe had changed the bent of the nation's history.

## A Clear Course.

"She says that he is a man after her own heart."

"Then I suppose he will get it."—Judge.

## Pecan Nuts in Kentucky.

In the Kentucky bottom lands along the Ohio and its tributaries the [illegible] "bush" are [illegible] the Indianapolis [illegible] yields a much greater revenue. The pecan orchard is simply distributed throughout one of those [illegible] of several hundred acres that formed the antebellum plantations. Here they are enriched by constant cultivation as well as by the fertilizer from the overflow of the Ohio that occurs always once and frequently oftener a season. The pecan season opens special festivities. Society in the neighboring towns and cities takes it up most enthusiastically with pecan "tours," picnics, dinners, in truth, all varieties of fetes that such ingenuity can originate. The right to gather the nuts is purchased and a professional climber hired. A woods dinner is the most pleasing feature of the occasion—bacon, chicken, broiled on a spit before a fragrant fire; Irish potatoes and the real, old fashioned red sweets, onions baked in a crater of hot coals, kimmel rye bread, roasted cheese, gingerbread and crabapple cider from the farmhouse.

## Three Curious Words.

Filibuster, freebooter and buccaneer are words curiously interrelated. The French and the English sea adventurers once made common cause against Spanish settlements in the new world, and all three of these words came in time to describe the rude sea soldiers who despoiled the Spanish main and the towns upon the coasts of the Spanish possessions. Filibuster is said to be the result of an attempt to make a French word of freebooter, and the English borrowed it back from the French because it sounded less frankly brutal than the English word.

Buccaneer was originally French in form, and it meant at first one who hunted the boucan or wild cattle and hogs of the West Indies; then one who made jerked meat of their flesh, and finally, because this meat was used to provision the ships of the sea rovers, a filibuster or freebooter.

## Weeping Trees.

In the forests of Oregon, Washington, Montana and British Columbia there is a species of tree that has a continuous and copious dripping of pure, clear water from the ends of its leaves and branches. This extraordinary sight may be witnessed at all seasons when the leaves are on and seems equally plentiful on clear, bright days as on damp, cloudy nights. The tree is a species of fir, and the "weeping" phenomenon is attributed to a remarkable power of condensation peculiar to the leaves and bark of this species of evergreen.

In the island of Ferro there are many species of "weeping trees," but in this latter case the "tears" appear to be most abundant when the relative humidity is near the dew point.

## Hunting the Wild Boar.

In Germany the boar hunt occurs annually. Trained hounds are held in leash until the lair of the boars is sniffed, and then they are let go. Off rush the bristling beasts. They run fast and the faster they skip along the wilder and "madder" they get. Sometimes they are shot, but the correct style of killing is to use a long spear or a short swordlike knife. The hunter spies his boarship speeding along in an almost straight line, blinded with rage and ferocity. Bending over sideways to the earth, the sportsman thrusts his spear butt end downward in the soil and the sharp point slanting upward and turned directly to the boar's path. Straight on the wild hog rushes, and with all the impetus of his long flight he plunges upon the spear point and there, impaled, dies a bloody death.

## "Ich Dien" or "Eich Dyn."

"Ich dien," the motto which belongs to the Prince of Wales, is usually translated "I serve," and tradition has it that it was taken by the Black Prince from the royal helmet of the blind king of Bohemia, who was killed on the field of Crecy. It is a notable fact, however, that the late Dr. William Ihne, professor of English literature at Heidelberg, rejected this theory. He held that the motto was of Welsh origin and took its rise at the time when Edward I. presented his newborn eldest son to the Welsh chieftains at Carnarvon castle as their future sovereign. He held the child up in his arms and exclaimed in Welsh, "Eich dyn," meaning "this is your man." The explanation is accepted by many antiquarians.

## Hats In London.

No stranger can do business in London without a silk hat. It is the style from Monday to Saturday to wear this kind of head covering, with a frock coat, and on Sunday to appear in a "boulder" (the conventional derby) and a sack. Cutaways are much worn with silk hats, and not infrequently dressy men are seen in the outlandish combination of silk hat and sack.—New York Press.

## How Ships Are Named.

French ships are usually named after French provinces or towns, victories, ideas or sentiments, but no French names, excepting those of great men in their history, are made use of. German ships bear the names of German river ports, poets, states and characters in German literature. Spanish ships are almost invariably named after their cities or great commanders.

## Parents.

Here is a little gem clipped from a small boy's essay on parents: "Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's the mas that make you mind."

## The Easy Way.

A schoolboy, being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied:

"If you please, sir, I should like it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the upward stroke heavy and the down one light."

## Poe's Placid Eyes.

Poe's nose was rather long and slender and [illegible], when sitting, rather taller than he really was. He also appeared [illegible] to have a gradual and perfectly graceful taper from the bust and shoulders upward. This was very peculiar. His eyes were of a neutral violet tint, rather inclining to hazel, and shone not with a dazzling or brilliant sparkle, but rather with a mildly subdued serenity of intellectual splendor, perhaps on account of the dark shadow cast upon them by the overhanging and rather impressive cloud of his moonlike brow, giving them that soft, celestial glow of soul which characterizes the loftiest enthusiasm. Their lashes were long, dark and silken, bending over them like willows [illegible] by the moon lake [illegible] of elegies over the God suffused waters of the eternal wells. When the heaven of his brow was free from clouds, which appeared always to be the case when his soul was not racked either by the thoughts of his poverty, of the remembrance of the manifold insults he had received from anonymous correspondents, who pestered him from envy of his genius and his uncompromising hostility to the basest ignorance, the intellectual placidity of his mildly beaming eyes was beautiful.—Poe-Chiver Papers in Century.

## "No Kick Coming."

A railroad engineer who has been in the service so many years that his hair has grown iron gray and his visage as stern as a warrior's while he has driven his iron monster over the parallels of iron recently experienced his first collision. He came out of it with a badly demolished engine and a sufficiently smashed up leg for any occasion.

The surgeons took him in charge and by dint of splints, bandages, skill and patience saved his injured limb and got it on the road to recovery.

The other day he walked out for the first time, and as he hobbled along on crutches, the injured member looking very [illegible] indeed, a friend hailed him with, "Hello, Jim! How's that leg of yours getting along?"

The veteran has gray eyes, as clear and penetrating as a youth's, and they twinkled with a comical look as he said, laconically:

"Oh, I can't kick!"—New York Times.

## Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 10, 1905.

Geo. P. Crandall, Mrs. L. Dyer, Mrs. Elma Coates, A. V. Hill, Mrs. L. V. Valentine.

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